25¢

128 PAGES

CAPTAIN AMERICA

COMICS

HUMAN TORCH
EXPOSES THE DYNAMITE SABOTEURS!
STARK TERROR ALONG THE WATERFRONT!... ROMO'S DESPERATE GANG OF VICIOUS HOODLUMS CONCENTRATES THEIR SINISTER ENERGIES UPON STEALING DYNAMITE... AND MORE DYNAMITE! ...WHY???
...WHAT WAS BEHIND THE HOODLUM GANG? ...THE FIGHTING HUMAN TORCH... ...AND TORO...HAVE DECIDED TO FIND OUT AND UNCOVER ----- WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH THE STORY...

COMIC ART COLLECTION

THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO ARE ASSIGNED TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR TROUBLE AROUND THE JENKINS WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE, WHERE TONS OF DYNAMITE ARE BEING SECRETLY STORED, WAITING FOR SHIPMENT TO AN AMERICAN BASE. . . . TO AVERT SUSPICION, ONLY ONE WATCHMAN REMAINS ON GUARD! . . . WHILE PATROLLING, TORCH AND TORO SUDDENLY SEE ---
THE WATCHMAN! HE'S GOING INTO THE DRINK!
SAVE HIM! I'LL ATTEND TO THESE MUGS!
I GOT THE KEYS, BOSS!
GOOD!... LOOK! THE HUMAN TORCH!
ROMO, THE SINISTER LEADER OF THE GANG, COMMANDS HIS MEN . . . .
OPEN THAT WAREHOUSE DOOR! TORCH OR NO TORCH, WE MUST GET THAT DYNAMITE! STALL THEM OFF! KILL THEM!
RIGHT!
HOLD ON, OLD TIMER! I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A MINUTE!
OH-OH! THE RATS ARE MAKING FOR THE WAREHOUSE! --WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO?
LEAVING PART OF ROMO'S GANG STREWN ABOUT THE PIER, TORCH RACES INTO THE WAREHOUSE!
GET THAT DYNAMITE OUT AS PLANNED! YOU GUYS HOLD OFF THE TORCH!
WITH WHAT? HE MELTED OUR GUNS WITH FIRE BALLS!
ROMO HEADS FOR TORCH -- A KNIFE GLEAMING IN HAND -- WHILE TWO MEN ESCAPE WITH BOXES OF THE EXPLOSIVE!
I'VE STILL GOT A WAY TO STOP HIM! HA!--SEE, HE'S TURNED OFF HIS FLAME!
ONLY BECAUSE OF THE DYNAMITE, CHUMP!
SEE? I DON'T NEED MY FLAME FOR YOUR TYPE OF INSECT!
MEANWHILE TORO DRAGS THE HALF-DROWNED WATCHMAN ONTO THE PIER!
...WHAT INT THOSE MEN CAME OUT OF THE WAREHOUSE! ...THEY'RE LOADING THAT BOAT WITH BOXES -- BOXES OF DYNAMITE! WHERE'S THE TORCH? WHY DOESN'T HE STOP THEM? BLAZES! I CAN'T LEAVE THIS GUY HERE TO DIE!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE TORCH, WITH FLAME SUBDUED, BATTLES OVERWHELMING ODDS SUCCESSFULLY, WHEN SUDDENLY ---
THAT'LL FIX YOU FOR A WHILE, YOU BROILED BUTTINSKI!
UUH!
WHAM!
GOOD! TO THE CAR -- QUICK!
HURRY! GET THE CAR STARTED BEFORE THE COPS SHOW UP!
WE SURE TOOK CARE OF THE TORCH THAT TIME, BOSS! HA-HA!
A FEW MINUTES LATER!
WHAT A SOCK! ... I'M STILL DIZZY! HEARD THAT ONE-EYED SKUNK MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT A CAR, BEFORE THE LIGHTS WENT OUT! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DYNAMITE HIS MEN TOOK F...
WHAT'S IT TO BE USED FOR? ... IT'S SIMPLE! FIND ROMO'S CAR AND HAVE THE ANSWER! C'MON! START BLAZING! WE'RE GOING ON A MAN HUNT!
FLAMING UP, TORCH OVERTAKES ROMO'S CAR -- SPEEDING FROM THE DESERTED WATERFRONT!
THAT'S HIS CAR, ALL RIGHT! LUCKY THIS PLACE IS DESERTED! HMM ... ONLY THREE MEN IN THE CAR!
TORCH!
THE TORCH STOPS THE CAR WITH A CIRCULAR WALL OF FIRE!
STOP! WE CAN'T GO THROUGH IT!
WE'RE TRAPPED, ROMO!
IT'S A CINCH THE DYNAMITE COULDN'T BE IN THE CAR! IT WOULD HAVE BLOWN UP! THE QUESTION IS -- WHERE'S THE DYNAMITE? MY BEST BET NOW IS TO WING BACK TO THE PIER ... THE FIRE-WALL WILL PREVENT ONE-EYE'S ESCAPE!
TORCH! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? TWO GUYS CAME OUT WITH BOXES AND ---
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! FLAME UP! WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM!

THEY HEADED NORTH IN AN OPEN MOTORBOAT!
SO WILL WE! FASTER, TORO! ...CAN'T TELL WHAT THOSE NUTS WILL DO WITH DYNAMITE!
FURTHER UP THE WATERFRONT, TORO SPOTS THE GANGSTERS' BOAT!
THERE'S THE BOAT... IN FRONT OF THE FLIGHT CITY PLANE-RADIO WAREHOUSE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO WATCH!
ONE STICK OF DYNAMITE WOULD DESTROY MONTHS OF DEFENSE WORK WE NEED BADLY NOW!
THEY'VE SEEN US! AND THEY'RE HEADING OUT TO SEA!
YEAH? WELL, A COUPLE OF FIRE-BALLS OUGHT TO BE A WARNING NOT TO!
?
THE TORCH SWOOPS DOWN AND, AS HE NEARS THE SPEEDY CRAFT, SUDDENLY SNAPS OFF HIS FLAME AND LANDS INSIDE!
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO MAKE YOU BOYS STOP!
ONLY YOU FORGET... WITHOUT YOUR FLAME, YOU'RE ANY MAN'S MATCH!
THAT'S RIGHT, PAL! BUT, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO TAKE ME ON?
SOCK!
OWW!
WHIRLING, TORCH SENDS A STEEL-PACKED, LEFT UPPER-CUT AGAINST THE SECOND THUG'S JAW!
THAT'S JUST SO YOU WON'T BE JEALOUS!
MEANWHILE, THE FIRST THUG COMES TO AND LIFTS A STEEL CRATE-HOOK!
SOCK ME, EH? THIS'LL FIX YOU YET, FIRE-FLY!
... AND FROM THE AIR TORO GOES INTO ACTION!
AND HERE'S ONE BACK, TORCH!
THAT CROOK IS GOING TO HOOK HIM IN THE BACK! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

SUDDENLY, FIRE-BALLS ZOOM BETWEEN TORCH AND HIS WOULD-BE ATTACKER!
WHAT IN---
NICE GOING, TORO!
THE FIRE-BALLS FORCE THE THUG BACK TOWARD THE REAR OF THE CRAFT, WHERE THE BOXES OF DYNAMITE ARE!
TORO! STOP! HE'S FORCING THE BALLS NEAR THE EXPLOSIVES!
... BUT THE TORCH'S WARNING IS TOO LATE -- AS THE CROOK CATCHES A FIRE-BALL AND FORCES IT INTO THE CRATE!
MY HAND'S ALMOST BURNED OFF, BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
SECONDS LATER, THE FIRE CONTACTS THE PACKED DYNAMITE -- AND -----
BOOM!
THE TORCH! --I WONDER IF HE---
... NO! THERE HE IS! ARE YOU OKAY, TORCH?
YES. I JUMPED OVERBOARD JUST BEFORE THE FIRE-WORKS! ... THE OTHER TWO WERE CAUGHT IN THE BLAST!
THE TORCH SWIMS TO SHORE...
TOO BAD! I WANTED TO QUESTION THEM! BUT, THEY'RE IN NO POSITION TO DO HARM NOW!
WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE-EYE?
JUMPIN' FIRE-BALLS! I'VE GOT HIM AND HIS PALS TRAPPED IN HIS CAR! I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT HIM! LET'S GO, TORO!
SECONDS LATER, THE FIRE-MASTERS STREAK DOWN FROM THE SKY -- IN FRONT OF ROMO'S CAR!
TORCH! THE CAR'S EMPTY! ... ROMO AND HIS MEN HAVE ESCAPED!
BUT HOW? THIS WALL OF FIRE WOULD HAVE ROASTED THEM!
... WAIT! I SEE IT ALL NOW!

THERE'S THE ANSWER!-- THE FIRE HYDRANT!
MY WALL OF FLAME MUST'VE MELTED THE TOP OFF!
THEN THE WATER FLOWED UNDER IT, AND ROMO AND HIS MEN WET THEIR CLOTHES AND JUST SCRAMMED! WHAT A BREAK FOR THEM!
...IF YOU ASK ME, ROMO IS ONLY A STOOGE FOR SOME BIGGIE ON TOP! ... THE ATTEMPTED DYNAMITING OF THE RADIO WAREHOUSE WAS ONLY TO THROW US OFF THE MAIN TRACK! BESIDES, IF ROMO WERE THE HEAD MAN, HE'D NEVER EXPOSE HIMSELF AS HE DID!
YES... BUT WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?
GUARD THE WAREHOUSE! ... ROMO STILL NEEDS DYNAMITE! AND SINCE HE HAS THE KEYS, HE'LL COME BACK THERE!
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, TORCH!
MEANWHILE... IN ROMO'S HIDE OUT, BRUKK, A NAZI SPY, WARNS ROMO! ...
UND IF YOU FAIL TO GET DER DYNAMITE TONIGHT, ROMO, I VILL GIFF YOU TORTURE No.8!
NO-NO! NOT THAT! VON BRUKK! I'LL GET IT!
LISTEN, MEN ... WE MUST GET THAT DYNAMITE TONIGHT, IF WE'RE TO CARRY OUT VON BRUKK'S SECOND PLAN! IF TORCH INTERFERES, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
RIGHT, ROMO!
That Night.. ROMO'S GANG CARRIES OUT ITS DESPERATE PLAN!
THROW THAT LIGHTED FUSE AT THE DYNAMITE! THEN LOCK THE DOOR AND RUN!
LOOK! ... ROMO, --THE TORCH!
I MUST STOP THAT FUSE, ALTHOUGH THE WAREHOUSE IS BOMBPROOF!
WITH HIS FLAME ON, TORCH MELTS THROUGH THE MASSIVE STEEL DOOR JUST LOCKED BY ROMO...
ONLY LIGHTNING SPEED CAN STOP THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE PRESENT DYNAMITE SUPPLY!

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ONLY LIGHTNING SPEED CAN STOP THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE PRESENT DYNAMITE SUPPLY!

...AND, TURNING OFF HIS FLAME AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT, TORCH SEIZES THE BURNING FUSE JUST AS IT IS ABOUT TO REACH A BIG BOX OF DYNAMITE!
WHEW! I HEADED THAT ONE OFF!
A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY, ROMO LISTENS FOR THE EXPECTED EXPLOSION!
HA! ONLY SECONDS TO GO BEFORE THE TORCH AND THE WAREHOUSE ARE BLOWN SKY HIGH!
LOOK! ROMO! THE TORCH MELTED THROUGH THE STEEL DOOR! HE'S INSIDE!
MAKE SURE HE CAN'T GET OUT BEFORE THE EXPLOSION! THROW THE HAND GRENADE IN THE DOORWAY TO BLOCK HIM! HE'S CAUGHT! HE TURNS OFF HIS FLAME! HE EXPLODES! EITHER WAY, HE'S A LOSER!
HERE GOES, ROMO!
UH-OH, HERE IT COMES! A PILL!
WITH AMAZING SPEED, TORO STREAKS AFTER THE POWERFUL HAND-GRENADE!...
GOT IT!
...AND HURLS IT BACK AT THE NOW SCATTERING GANG!.. --AS TORCH COMES OUT OF THE MELTED DOOR...
TOO BAD! A COUPLE OF THEM ESCAPED!
WE'LL GET THE REST OF THEM IN TIME!
BOOM
...A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
WHAT A MESS! ...WELL, GUESS THAT SETTLES ROMO'S MOB!
NOT QUITE! SOME OF THEM GOT AWAY!
LOOK! SOMETHING IS STICKING OUT OF THAT GUY'S POCKET --IT'S A BLUEPRINT! ...NOW WHY WOULD A CROOK CARRY A BLUEPRINT?

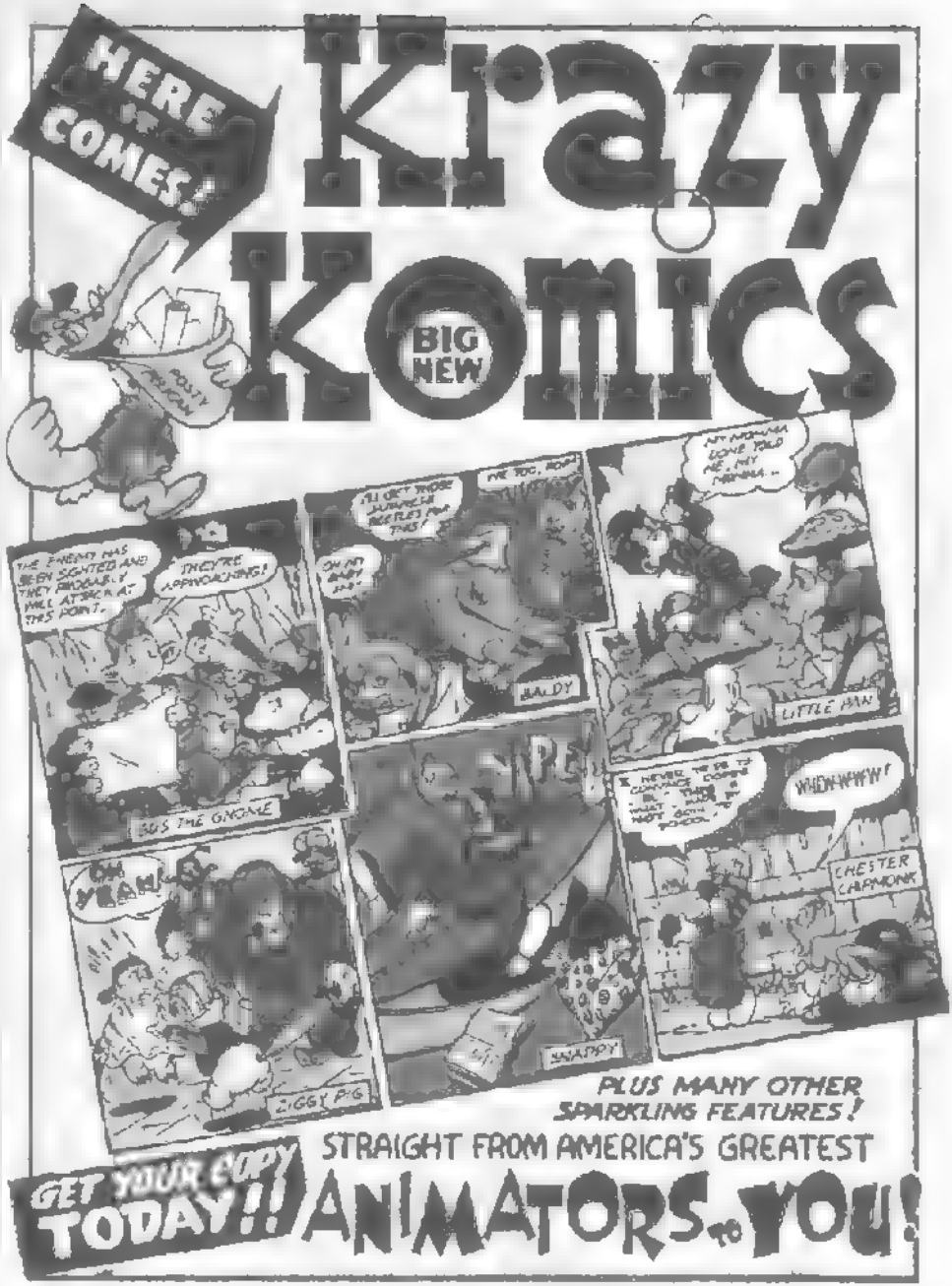
TORCH QUICKLY SCANS THE BLUEPRINT . . .
BLAZES! A PERFECT MAP OF THE FLIGHT CITY PLANE COMPANY. IT EVEN SHOWS GAS MAINS! WONDER WHY?
THAT'S ODD! WHEN A CROOK CARRIES A THING LIKE THAT, UNLESS . .
. . . BLAST IT! TORO, THAT'S WHY THEY'RE AFTER THE DYNAMITE . . . FOR THE PLANE FACTORY!
WELL, ROMO'S DEAD! NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE HEAD MAN TO TAKE OVER!
NOT QUITE, TORO! EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T TELL WHO WAS CAUGHT IN THE GRENADE INCIDENT, A COUPLE OF THEM ESCAPED! ROMO MIGHT BE ONE OF THEM!
YES, ROMO AND ANOTHER GANGSTER DID MANAGE TO ESCAPE DEATH AND NOW CARRY AWAY TWO BOXES OF DYNAMITE FROM THE REAR OF THE WAREHOUSE!
IT'S A GOOD THING WE FOUND THIS REAR ENTRANCE UNGUARDED AND . . .
CUT THE CHATTER AND GET THIS STUFF INTO THE CAR!
LATER, AFTER TURNING THE STOLEN DYNAMITE OVER TO VON BRUKK, ROMO RECEIVES AN EXPECTED VISITOR AT HIS SECRET HIDEOUT!
THE TORCH IS MAKING THINGS TOO HOT FOR ME! IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME!
AH, PROFESSOR MIKK! COME IN!
HELLO, ROMO!
THE PROFESSOR SHOWS ROMO AN UNUSUAL INVENTION OF HIS.
. . . A GAS APPARATUS WHICH WILL BE VERY USEFUL TO CARRY OUT VON BRUKK'S PLAN, EH, ROMO!
AH YES! JUST WHAT WE NEED, PROFESSOR! VERY GOOD!
VON BRUKK IS WAITING FOR ME! YOU'LL COME ALONG, PROFESSOR MIKK! WE'VE VERY LITTLE TIME TO WASTE!
MEANWHILE, AT THE JENKIN'S WAREHOUSE, AN INVESTIGATION IS IN PROGRESS. THE MANAGER GIVES TORCH STARTLING NEWS.
I'VE PERSONALLY, CHECKED THE STOCK! THERE ARE TWO CASES MISSING!
TORO, THOSE MEN THAT GOT AWAY . . THEY . . .
I GET YOU! WE TIE UP THE MISSING DYNAMITE WITH THE BLUEPRINT AND THAT'S OUR CLUE ON THEIR NEXT MOVE! WE CAN'T LOSE A MINUTE!

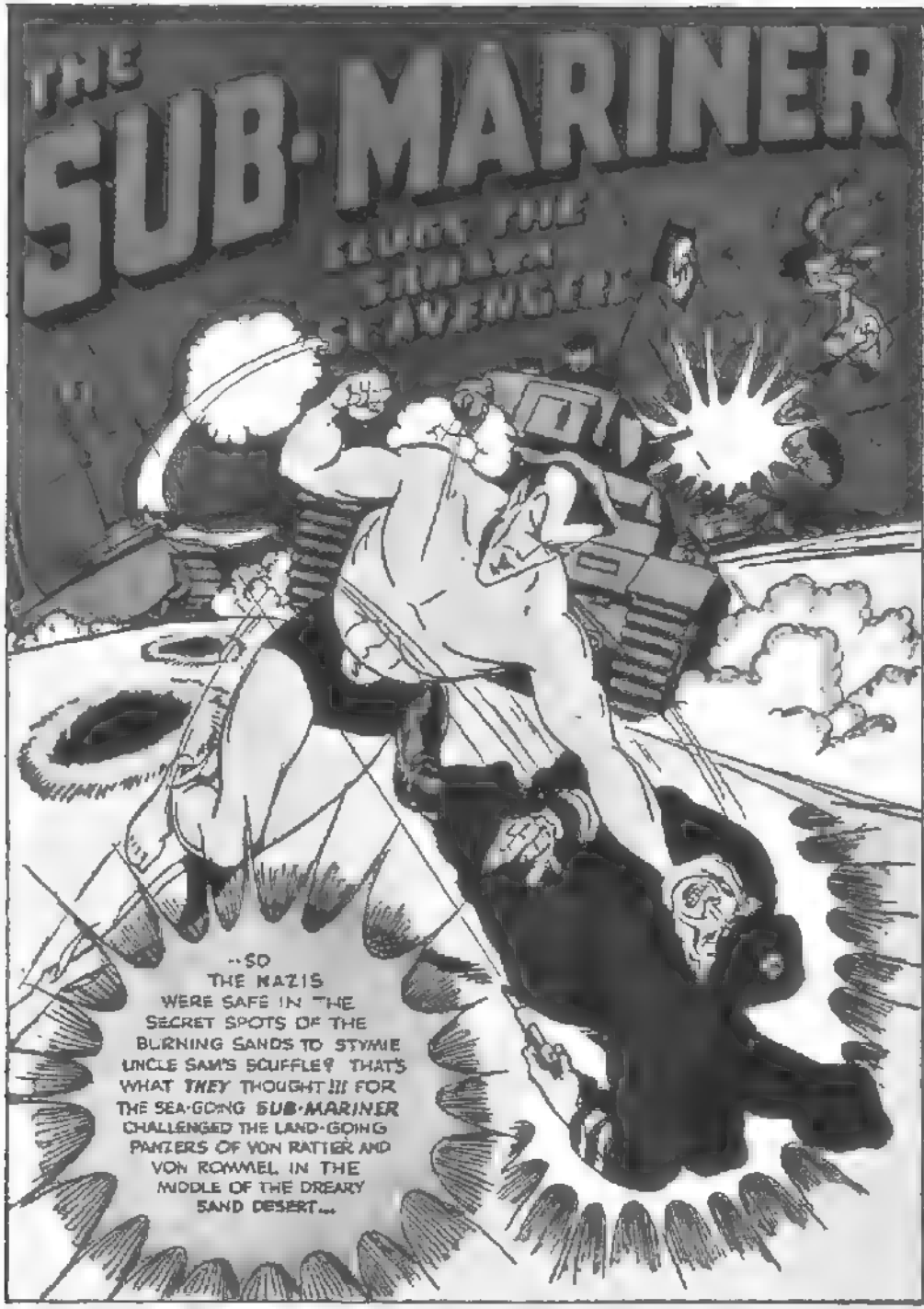
WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED THE FIRE MASTERS RUSH ALONG THE ROAD TO FLIGHT CITY! ...
I HOPE WE GET THERE IN TIME, TORO!
LOOK! THERE'S THE PLANE FACTORY AHEAD! NOW TO CONSULT THE DIAGRAM FOR PART MARKED "DIG UNDER"!
MEANWHILE, ROMO AND HIS MEN TUNNEL UNDER THE HEAVILY GUARDED PLANE FACTORY GROUNDS, AND SOON FIND THEMSELVES INSIDE ONE OF THE MANY PASSAGES CONNECTING THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS OF THE PLANT .....
SOON VE CONNECT THESE GAS PIPES WITH DER PROFESSOR'S GAS GADGET! UND DEN DER PLANE UNIT VILL BE A SHAMBLES!
YEAH, AND WE DON'T EVEN HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE TORCH! HE WON'T GET IN OUR HAIR THIS TIME! -- NOT UNDER THIS!
I ONLY HOPE, FOR YOUR SAKE, HE DOESN'T SHOW UP!
DON'T FRET! HOW CAN THAT FIRE-FLY KNOW WHERE WE ARE?
WE'VE REACHED THE GAS PIPES
IN A FLASH PROFESSOR MIKK, ROMO, AND VON BRUKK WHEEL AN ODD MECHANISM OVER THE PIPE, THEN CLAMP IT TIGHT AFTER BORING HOLES INTO THE MAIN!
HA! SEE THE GAS FLOW INTO THE GLASS TUBES? -- SOON IT WILL TRAVEL AROUND THE ENTIRE PLANT THROUGH ITS OWN PIPE-LINES!
NICE WORK, PROFESSOR! THE DYNAMITE FUSE IS SET! OUR GAS GADGET WILL BE DESTROYED, SO THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!
NOW! LIGHT IT!
OKAY! SNAP INTO IT MEN! SCRAM BEFORE YOU GET CAUGHT IN THE BLAST! IT'S TIMED FOR FIVE MINUTES!
AT THAT MOMENT OUTSIDE, TORCH AND TORO SPOT THE CROOKS' LOOKOUT STATIONED AT ROMO'S TUNNEL ENTRANCE!
PLEASANT DREAMS CHUM!
UHH. UGH!
FOLLOWING THE TUNNEL, TORCH AND TORO FIND THEMSELVES NEARING THE UNDERGROUND PLANT PASSAGE.
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, TORO!... HEY! -- YOU SMELL SOMETHING?
GAS! OFF WITH OUR FLAMES! -- SOMEONE'S COMING TORCH!

LOOK! THE TORCH AND TORO!... HOW IN...
NEVER MIND! CHARGE INTO THEM! WE MUST ESCAPE!
HURRY! THE FUSE-- IT MIGHT EXPLODE! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!
TORCH! LOOK WHO'S HERE, VON BRUKK!
VON BRUKK, EH? NAZI AGENT No.1! SO HE'S THE BIG SHOT, EH, ROMO?
SILENCE, FOOL! IT'S BETTER TO DIE FOR DER CAUSE DEN...
THERE'LL BE NO GUN-PLAY, VON BRUKK!
I-I-I-- DON'T WANT TO DIE!
THEN TALK FAST! WHERE'S THE FUSE!
AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR!
WITH AMAZING SPEED, TORO REACHES THE OCTOPUS GAS-FUSE OVER THE MAIN AND EXTINGUISHES THE FLAME BUT ACCIDENTALLY STEPS ON SEVERAL OF THE GLASS TUBES, AND--
BLAZES! WHAT HAVE I DONE!
GAS IS POURING IN AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT! I'M GETTING WEAK!
AT THAT MOMENT..... IN THE WELDING DEPARTMENT OF THE PLANE PLANT! ...
HEY, BOSS! OUR TORCHES HAVE LOST THEIR JUICE!
MUST BE A LEAK IN THE GAS PIPE! GRAB A COUPLE OF GAS-MASKS AND LET'S PLUG IT! OUR WORK IS TOO IMPORTANT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CELLAR BELOW, VON BRUKK AND ROMO, PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY, DON THEIR MASKS AND RUSH THE GAS-DAZED TORCH! ...
NOW IT'S OUR TURN! HOW'S THIS!
HA! THE OTHERS ARE DYING! WE HAVE WON, ROMO! NOW WE CAN RE-LIGHT THE FUSE!

BUT TORO THOUGH DAZED, DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO STOP BRUKK! HE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE ADVANCING MEN!
AND THAT SETTLES TORCH'S STOOGE!
OHH!
SUDDENLY AN EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR OPENS AND THE INVESTIGATING WELDERS SEE ROMO AND BRUKK!
HOW DID THEY GET IN?
YEOW! THAT CHUMP IS TRYING TO LIGHT A MATCH!
?
A WELL-AIMED WRENCH FROM THE WELDER KNOCKS THE MATCHES FROM BRUKK'S HAND!
ACH-HH! MEIN HAND!
FIND THE LEAK JOE! I'LL FIX THESE RATS!
RIGHT!
ONLY THING IS TO SNEAK BACK! .. MY GUN! .. WHERE IS IT? AH! GOT IT!
THE WELDER HAVING FOUND THE LEAK, CLOSES IT, THEN TURNS TO TORO AND REVIVES HIM, AS FRESH AIR FLOWS THROUGH!
I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE TORO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!
I'M WITH TORCH! WHERE IS HE? WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE NAZI RATS?
BANG!
A SHOT HAS BEEN FIRED! THE WELDER AND TORO RACE TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE REPORT!
THEY GOT MY PAL! THE RATS! WONDER WHERE THEY WENT?
AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CELLAR, TORCH HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AS THE FRESH AIR POURS IN, WHEN SUDDENLY! .....
IT'S THE TORCH!
I KNOW A WAY OUT, BUT FOR TWO IT WOULD FAIL... SO---
RUSH HIM, ROMO!
COME AND GET YOURSELF A HOT BATH, BOYS!

VON BRUKK SUDDENLY STOPS AND GRABS ROMO FROM THE REAR, SWINGS HIM OVER HIS HEAD AND HURLS HIM INTO THE TORCH!
SINCE MY PLAN FAILED, YOUR USE HAS ENDED, ...I ALONE WOULD BE MORE USEFUL TO DER FUEHRER!
I'M BURNING! WOW!
TOO HOT FOR YOU, EH ROMO?
BRUKK WHIRLS AND RUNS BACK DOWN THE CORRIDOR!
THE NAZI RAT! HE WON'T ESCAPE!
HA! THE BLUEPRINT SHOWED AN EMERGENCY TUNNEL EXIT WHICH LEADS TO THE STREET!
DID YOU SEE VON BRUKK? HE COULDN'T HAVE VANISHED!
HE MUST HAVE GONE THRU THIS DOOR!
GREAT SCOTT!
THAT DOOR LEADS TO AN EMERGENCY WIND-TEST TUNNEL WHICH IS BEING USED TODAY, SINCE THE REGULAR ONE IS OUT OF ORDER! LOOK! THE LIGHT OVER THE DOOR HAS TURNED RED! THEY'RE USING IT NOW!
AND INSIDE THE TUNNEL...
HIMMEL! THE FAN IS PULLING ME TOWARD IT! .. I CAN'T HOLD ON!
SECONDS LATER, OUTSIDE THE DOOR, A PIERCING SCREAM IS HEARD COMING FROM WITHIN!
WELL, I GUESS THAT FINISHES VON BRUKK!
NAZI AGENT NO. 1! ROMO'S SUPERIOR!
TORCH MAKES SURE VON BRUKK DIDN'T ESCAPE. THE TRIO FIND THE PROPELLOR FILLED WITH PATCHES OF CLOTHES, AND A MANGLED MASS OF FLESH BELOW!
THAT WAS VON BRUKK!
WE HAD IT COMING! WELL, I MUST GET BACK TO WORK! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO!
NEXT MONTH
A SENSATIONAL NEW KIND OF
AMAZING


HERE IT COMES!
BIG NEW
Krazy Komics
POLLY PENGUIN
THE ENEMY HAS BEEN SIGHTED AND THEY PROBABLY WILL ATTACK AT THIS POINT.
THEY'RE APPROACHING!
BUS THE GNOME
I'LL GET THOSE JAPANESE BEETLES FOR THIS!
ME TOO, BOSS!
OH NO, NOT US!
BALDY
MY MAMMA USED TO TELL ME, MY MAMMA...
LITTLE MAN
I NEVER THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO COMPLETE A DRAWING - THIS ONE'S WHAT, FOUR PARTS? BOTH OF THEM!
WHEN-WWW!
CHESTER CHIPMONK
OH YEAH!
ZIGGY PIG
SNAPPY
PLUS MANY OTHER SPARKLING FEATURES!
STRAIGHT FROM AMERICA'S GREATEST
GET YOUR COPY TODAY!!
ANIMATORS TO YOU!

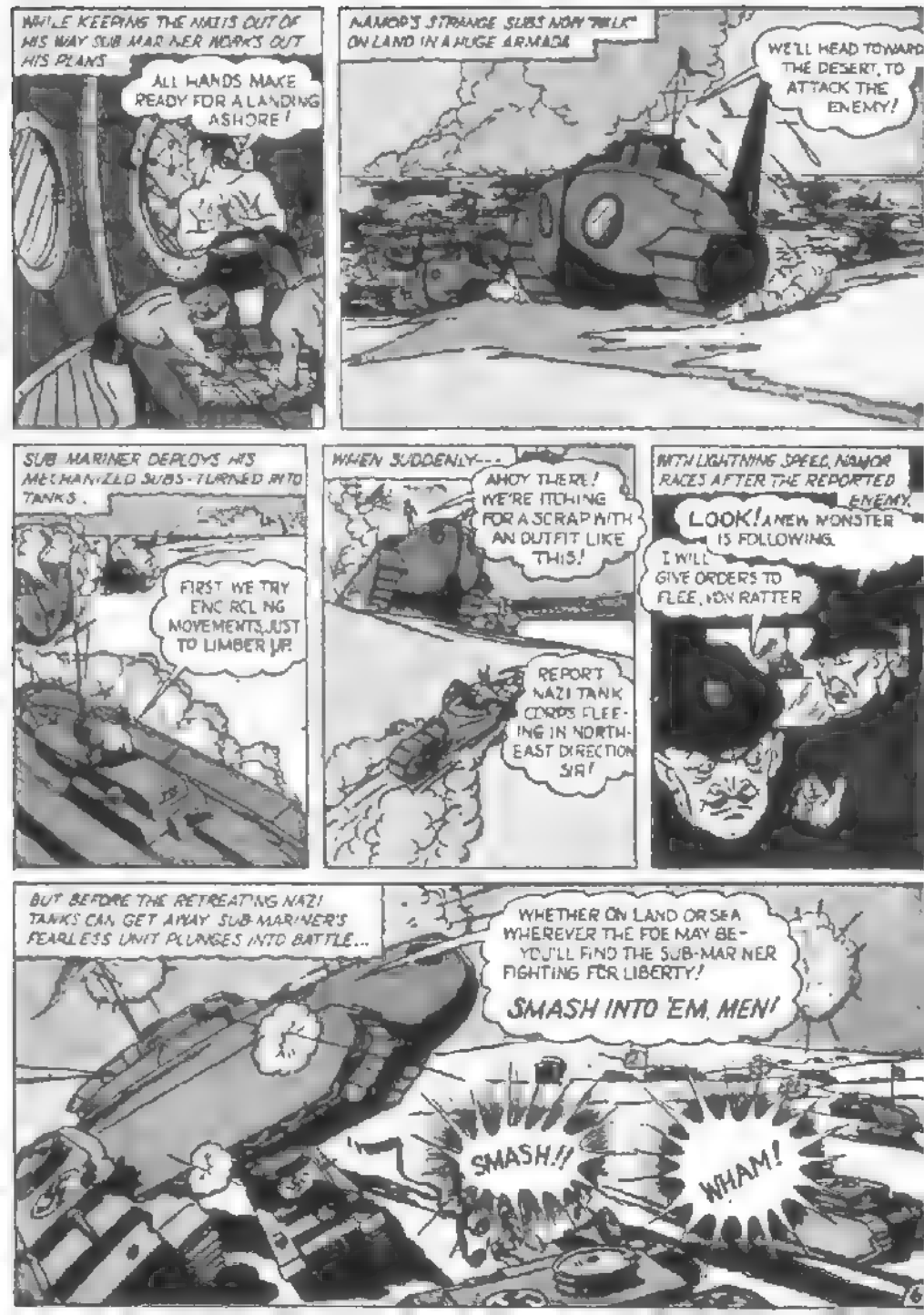

THE SUB-MARINER
--SO THE NAZIS WERE SAFE IN THE SECRET SPOTS OF THE BURNING SANDS TO STYMIE UNCLE SAM'S SCUFFLE? THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT!!! FOR THE SEA-GOING SUB-MARINER CHALLENGED THE LAND-GOING PANZERS OF VON RATTER AND VON ROMMEL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DREARY SAND DESERT...

GENERALS OF THE ALLIED NATIONS AT WAR FACE A GROWING NEW MENACE THAT THREATENS THE LIFE LINES OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN
THE AXIS SUBMARINES ARE DESPERATELY CUTTING OUR SUPPLIES!
AS THE DISTINGUISHED WAR BOARD GRAVELY DISCUSS THE GROWING PLIGHT FACING THEIR TRANSPORTS AT SEA---
THAT S.O.S. WAS FROM ONE OF OUR LARGEST TRANSPORTS IN THE ATLANTIC, SIR
LOST WITH ALL HANDS? THAT'S TERRIBLE!
SUB-MARINER, KING OF THE DEEP, HEARS OF THE TERROR... RUSHING TO THE WAR BOARD, HE LISTENS TO THE LATEST NEWS ..
THIS NEWS IS SO BAD, SUB-MARINER, THAT IT CALLS FOR EXTREME MEASURES.
I'LL MOBILIZE MY ENTIRE FLEET OF LITTLE UNDERSEA FIGHTERS, BUILD BRAND NEW WEAPONS, AND YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME.
CALL ALL PEOPLE TO WAR! WE HAVE A TREMENDOUS JOB TO DO- RIGHT AWAY!
FIRST I'VE MUST BUILD A NEW KIND OF FIGHTING FLEET!
SOON, POWERFUL NEW TANK-SUBMARINES BEGIN ROLLING OFF PRINCE NAMOR'S UNDERSEA ASSEMBLY LINES....
CONGRATULATIONS, MEN! THIS JOB LOOKS SWELL AND I'M SURE ITCHING TO TRY 'EM OUT! SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET A REAL SURPRISE!!!

PROUDLY THE DEADLY TANK-SUBS ARE LAUNCHED BY SUB-MARINER, BEFORE DISTINGUISHED ALLIED OFFICIALS
SORRY TO BREAK IN ON THESE GLORIOUS FESTIVITIES, GENTLEMEN, BUT NEWS COMES THAT SINKINGS HAVE DOUBLED!
MEANWHILE-
WE FINISHED OUR FLEET NONE TO SOON, LE! WE AT 'EM!... WE'LL DO THE THE SINKING FROM NOW ON!
--IN AN AFRICAN PORT, THE NAZI ADMIRAL, VON RATTER, CARRIES ON HIS PLAN TO ANNIHILATE THE AMERICANS ON SEA---
THE FUEHRER WILL BE HIGHLY PLEASED, VON RATTER!
WE'LL HAVE A HUNDRED MORE OF THESE SMALL BOATS LAUNCHED IN A FEW DAYS... AMERICANS— ACH!! THEY ARE SO STUPID!
WE HAVE BUILT THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARMY.... BUT IT IS NO GOOD UNLESS WE ALSO HAVE THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAVY! THEN WE SHALL RULE THE UNIVERSE! NOBODY CAN STOP US!!!
BUT SOMEONE IS GETTING READY TO STOP THIS SENSELESS BOAST....
WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! COME ON! ALL CREWS TO QUARTERS! IN FORMATION— AT ONCE!
FROM THE CONNING TURRET OF HIS OWN TANK-SUB — THE FLAGSHIP OF HIS NEW FLEET — SUB-MARINER CALLS
WE'LL CARRY THE FIGHT TO THE ENEMY! SUBMERGE!
AYE!
AYE!
AYE
AS THE SUB-MARINER COMES DOWN HIS CONNING TOWER..
THE DETECTOR INDICATES PROPELLER NOISES NEARBY SIR A LARGE FLEET
AH! WE MEET UP WITH THE BAD BOYS SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED! MAN BATTLE STATIONS!
... AND PREPARES FOR BATTLE.
LOAD TORPEDO TUBES! MAN ALL WATER GUNS! STAND BY FOR FIRING ORDERS!! ENTIRE FLEET SUBMERGE AT 100!!! READY-SET-GO!!!

JUST THEN, IN THE GLASS OF HIS PERISCOPE SCREEN, VON RATTER SEES SUB-MARINERS FLEET.
AGH! THIS I DID NOT EXPECT! A NEW KIND OF ENEMY! THEY'RE COMING HEAD ON!
WITH RECKLESS FURY, SUB-MARINER'S FLEET SMASHES INTO VON RATTER AND HIS SUB-MARINES... THE BATTLE IS ON!!!
THE FURY OF THIS NEW ATTACK SOON CONVINCES THE NAZI THAT THE "SM" ON THE ENEMY SHIPS IS THE INSIGNIA OF THE SUB-MARINER!
HE DARES TO ATTACK VON RATTER! I SHALL DESTROY HIM!!! ALL NAZI SUB-MARINES ATTACK!!!
AS THE FULL FORCE OF VON RATTER'S FLEET IS UNLEASHED-
BOY, WHAT FUN! AT LAST I'VE GOT MY FINGER ON A TRIGGER! NOW, VON RATTER I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO FIGHT UNDER WATER!!!
-BUT NOT FOR LONG — FOR SUB MARINER'S WELL-ORGANIZED, WELL-HANDLED FLEET TAKES A TERRIFIC TOLL OF THE NAZI SUBS.
WE CLEARED THE SEA OF THE PESTS JUST IN TIME FOR OUR FLEET REVIEW. ALL UNITS IN LONG LINE FORMATION... NAMOR LEADS THE SUB-TANK UNIT
HERE COME THE SWORD-FISH" FAST PURSUIT UNITS THEY WERE TO MEET US HERE!
SUDDENLY, A HAIL OF "ASH CANS" BURSTS ABOVE THE SUB MARINER'S FLEETS LIKE A TERRIFYING THUNDER-STORM...
SO THE DIRTY DOGS CAME BACK? WELL, IT'S MY OWN FAULT—I WAS CAUGHT NAPPING!
THAT BOMB BARRAGE SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED MY DEAR FRIEND THE SUB MARINER, AND ALL HIS SHIPS!

SUB-MARINER'S WELL-DISCIPLINED MEN RECOVER FROM THE SNEAK ENEMY DEPTH-BOMB BARRAGE
THIS IS WHERE THE ENEMY CAME OVER. PURE GUESS-WORK AS OUR SHIPS WERE QUIET.
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, MARA. LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE HUN!
WHEN CAUGHT IN AN INTENSE TIME FAKE PROPELLER-NOISE-MAKER STARTED - - -
SPIN HER OVER- AND LET'S HOPE THE NAZI HAVE THE EARS TO THEIR OWN PROP NOISE DETECTORS!
---AND, IN THE "LISTENING POST" OF VON RATTER'S DESTROYER...
MY DETECTOR UU PICKED UP NOISE FROM MANY PROPELLERS IN WATER BELOW.
THAT'S GOOD - MORE ASH-CANS!
MAYBE DER KOMMANDER IS CRAZY- DAT'S ALL OUR BOMBS GONE NOW!
HUNDREDS OF 'ASH CANS' ARE THUS DESPATCHED OFF THE STERN OF NAZI SHIPS....
...TO THE WAITING HANDS OF SUB-MARINER'S MEN - WHO
---AND TIE THEM IN A WEB-NET, IN BACK OF THEIR OWN SUB MARINES.
THEY ARE SET IN POSITION ACROSS THE AFRICAN PORT ENTRANCE WHERE SUB-MARINER BRINGS HIS FLEET
BEHIND THIS [illegible] NET BUILT WITH ENEMY BOMBS TIED TOGETHER WE CAN CARRY OUT OUR PLANS.
FURIOUSLY VON RATTER ATTACKS - TO FIND HIS TORPEDOES BLOWN BACK AGAINST THEIR OWN MINES
CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT! HOW DID THOSE MINES GET THERE? I CAN'T GET NEAR ENOUGH TO DESTROY THAT VERTICAL MINE FIELD!


WHILE KEEPING THE NAZIS OUT OF HIS WAY SUB MARINER WORKS OUT HIS PLANS
ALL HANDS MAKE READY FOR A LANDING ASHORE!
NAMOR'S STRANGE SUBS NOW "WALK" ON LAND IN A HUGE ARMADA
WE'LL HEAD TOWARD THE DESERT, TO ATTACK THE ENEMY!
SUB MARINER DEPLOYS HIS MECHANIZED SUBS-TURNED INTO TANKS.
FIRST WE TRY ENCIRCLING MOVEMENTS, JUST TO LIMBER UP!
WHEN SUDDENLY---
AHOY THERE! WE'RE ITCHING FOR A SCRAP WITH AN OUTFIT LIKE THIS!
REPORT NAZI TANK CORPS FLEEING IN NORTH-EAST DIRECTION SIR!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, NAMOR RACES AFTER THE REPORTED ENEMY.
LOOK! A NEW MONSTER IS FOLLOWING.
I WILL GIVE ORDERS TO FLEE, NON RATTER
BUT BEFORE THE RETREATING NAZI TANKS CAN GET AWAY SUB-MARINER'S FEARLESS UNIT PLUNGES INTO BATTLE...
WHETHER ON LAND OR SEA WHEREVER THE FOE MAY BE- YOU'LL FIND THE SUB-MARINER FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY!
SMASH INTO 'EM, MEN!
SMASH!!
WHAM!

CONFOUNDED IN THE FACE OF THIS NEW AND UNUSUAL FOE, THE NAZI GENERALS DECIDE TO USE NEW TACTICS.
THAT'S THEIR HEAD TANK COMING AFTER US! UGH!
SUB-MARINER! I SEE BY THE INSIGNIA! HURRY WITH THE ORDERS, VON ROMMEL! THIS MAN IS CRAZY!
ACHTUNG! ALL NAZI TANK COMMANDERS! STRATEGY PLAN IT--- AT ONCE - RETREAT ALONG PRE ARRANGED PLANS!!!
MEANWHILE, IN HIS OWN LEADING TANK, SUBMARINER SEES THE ENEMY EXECUTE A NEW MOVEMENT...
SNEAKING AWAY EH? I'LL SHOW THEM A LITTLE TRICK THAT WILL STOP 'EM!
JUST A LITTLE SAMPLE OF A SUB-MARINER SAND-STORM—MADE BY FLAPPING OUR WINGS VERY VIGOROUSLY.... NOW TRY TO FIND YOUR WAY, VON RATTER!
I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BATTLEFIELD AND PICK OUT VON RATTER'S CRATE!
SUB-MARINER, IN HIS CROW'S NEST, HIGH ABOVE THE DUST CLOUDS, LOOKS IN HIS PERISCOPE FOR THE TANK OF VON RATTER.
AH! THE DUST DIDN'T GET IN MY MEN'S EYES! LOOKS LIKE VON RATTER OVER THERE... LET ME AT HIM!

SUDDENLY, AS SUB-MARINER ENGAGES HIS PET ENEMY HE DISCOVERS VON RATTER IN A DARING BREAK.....
FACE THE MUSIC, VON RATTER! OKAY--SEE YOU LATER!
REALIZING THAT THE DUST STORM PLAN WAS TO CONFUSE THE NAZIS IS NOW HELPING TO COVER THEIR ESCAPE... SUB-MARINER COUNTERS CLEVERLY.
ATTENTION! NAMOR UNITS - PUT DOWN SAND-STORM!
IMMEDIATELY, SUB-MARINER'S "WHALE TANKS" SPOUT WATER AND WET DOWN THE SAND DUST...
AS THE DUST-STORM CLEARS---
TAKE ALL PRISONERS! WHAT'S THAT, DISPATCHER?
SCOUT UNIT REPORTS VON RATTER GETTING AWAY, NAMOR!
AT ONCE, NAMOR ORDERS ENCIRCLING MOVEMENTS TO CAPTURE ALL NAZI TANKS.
IT MAY BE A DECOY! THE GENERALS COULD BE IN AN ORDINARY TANK--- LET'S LOOK INTO ALL WE CAN CAPTURE!
BUT TOO LATE — AFTER A MAD RUSH THE NAZI GENERALS REACH THEIR STRONGHOLD
HOPE WE'VE SHAKEN OFF SUB-MARINER!
WE'RE SAFE HERE - VON RATTER!
MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER CONTINUES HIS MISSION- DESTRUCTION OF NAZI UNITS, AND EXAMINATION OF EVERYONE CAPTURED.
WE TAKE MANY PRISONERS - BUT NO LUCK CATCHING THE REALLY BIG FISH! LET'S MOVE!
KAMARAD! WE GIVE UP!
OKAY, SUCKER! REACH HIGH - NO TRICKS!
WE DIE NOW! THEY SAY NAMOR KILLS US ALL!
HELP THE POOR DEVILS - THEY'RE DYING OF THIRST!
WATER! WATER!
NOW COME DER END— HELP!!!

ADMIRING THE FIGHTING OF HIS FALLEN FOES, NAMOR TAKES PITY ON THEM...
LEAVING YOU FOR DEAD TO DIE ON THE DESERT! A SKY MEN BRING THEM WATER!
SAND STORM MAKES BLIND AND THIRSTY!
THE NAZI PRISONERS SHOW THEIR APPRECIATION FOR SUB-MARINER'S HUMANE TREATMENT
WE WERE TOLD YOU'D KILL US IF YOU CAPTURED US. RAH FOR SUB-MARINER!
WHEN YOU SEE YOUR CHIEFS, TELL THEM WE FIGHT FAIR AND SQUARE!
DETERMINED TO TEACH THE NAZI GENERALS A LESSON, SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO CAPTURE THEM
WE KNOW FROM AN INTERCEPTED WIRELESS WHERE THEY ARE. WHAT ELSE DOES THE DECODING TELL US?
QUICKLY SUB-MARINER ORGANIZES A COMMANDO UNIT WHICH IS SOON AT THE NAZI STRONGHOLD.
ACCORDING TO THE DECODED MESSAGE, THIS IS THE HANGOUT OF VON ROMMEL AND VON RATTER. I WANT THEM ALIVE.
WE UNDERSTAND, SIR!
SUB-MARINER GIVES HIS LITTLE COMMANDOS LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS
WHEN YOUR DISGUISES ARE FINISHED, CHECK YOUR WATCHES. WE'RE WORKING ON A SPLIT-SECOND TIME SCHEDULE AND WE CAN'T WAIT FOR ANYONE WHEN WE CLEAR OUT OF HERE!
EASY NOW, MEN! THAT SEEMS TO BE THE HOUSE OVER THERE. EVERYBODY QUIET, NOW, AND ON THE ALERT!
BELIEVING THEMSELVES SAFE, VON ROMMEL AND VON RATTER BOAST OF THEIR CLEVERNESS IN GIVING SUB-MARINER THE SLIP....
NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE HERE. THIS IS A DESERTED VILLAGE—WE KILLED EVERY LIVING THING IN IT!
HA-HA! EVEN SUB-MARINER WOULDN'T THINK OF COMING HERE!

AT THAT INSTANT SUB MARINER GIVES THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK
AIN'T THERE YOU LUBBERS! YOU HAVE A VERY IMPOLITE CALLER!
SUB MARINER! ACH! MEIN LIEBER!
CRASH!
VAT? WHO ISS DIS SWINE? KILL HIM!
SUB MARINER GOES INTO ACTION
MOVING WITH SPEED AND PRECISION SUB MARINER AND HIS 'COMMANDOS' CARRY ON THEIR MISSION---
SWING AROUND THE ROSIE! THIS WILL BOWL YOU OVER VAN RATTER!
..DURING THE FRAY VON ROMMEL SNEAKS OUT THROUGH A SIDE DOOR.
SUB-MARINER DOESN'T KNOW I HID MY RESERVE FORCE BEHIND SAND DUNES!
I SHOW DAT SMART FISH-MAN VON ROMMEL HAS A FEW TRICKS TOO! I'LL CATCH HIS FORCE FROM BEHIND!
VERE ISS IT?
MEANWHILE SUB-MARINER'S MEN LEFT AT THE BASE ARE WORKING UNDER SECRET ORDERS
Tunnel to Sea
Mountain Ranges
Fast Steam Shovel
Desert Center Below Sea Level
THIS IS SUB-MARINER'S PLAN! THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND CHANNEL TO THE SEA NAMOR WILL FLOOD THE DESERT WITH WATER FROM THE OCEAN
10

THOUSANDS OF LITTLE SUB-MARINERS ARE BRAVING TO END THE UNDERGROUND "TRENCH" CANAL
PRINCE NAMOR WILL BE PLEASED—WE FIN SH AHEAD OF SCHEDULE! AND THE TUNNEL WILL BE B G ENOUGH FOR OUR LARGEST SUB-TANKS!
AS SUB-MARINER'S COMMANDO SAID ENDS
I CAUGHT ONE OF YOU GUYS YON RATTER WHERE'S YOUR PAL? OH OH! WE'RE ATTACKED! I'LL GIVE THE FLOOD SIGNAL!
FIGURING THAT VON ROMMEL AND A HEAVIER FORCE IS ATTACKING, SUB MARINER GIVES THE SIGNAL TO FLOOD THE LOWER PART OF THE DESERT
NAMA NAMOR COMMANDS YOU TO OPEN THE VALVES OF THE OCEAN! OUR OWN SUB-TANKS CAN SW M IT OUT CLOSE HATCHES!
PING
SUDDENLY, THE NAZI CHIEF IN HIS HEAVY TANK, SEES A WALL OF WATER AHEAD---
HIMMEL! WATER!—IN THE DESERT! I'M CRAZY!!! IT'S SWALLOWED SUB-MARINER TANK! WE'RE LOST!
AN ONRUSH CARRYING EVERYTHING BEFORE IT, MILLIONS OF TONS OF SEA WATER BATTER THE UNPREPARED FORCE OF HEAVY TANKS BEING THROWN AGAINST NAMOR BY VON ROMMEL
VE VILL ALL DIE LIKE DROWNED RATS HERR VON ROMMEL TRAPPED N THESE HEAVY STEEL TANKS...ACH MEIN GOTT, THIS ISS TERRIBLE! HELF!

SPLASHING HELPLESSLY AROUND IN MUD AND WATER, VON ROMMEL'S TANK FINALLY OPENS. THE NAZI CHIEFTAIN GASPING FOR AIR!
SO THERE YOU ARE, MY FINE WET FRIEND!
DON'T YOU KNOW WATER IS MY MEAT? COME, GENERAL, I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK!
BESIDES I JUST CAN'T BEAR TO SEPARATE TWO SUCH FINE PALS AS YOU FELLOWS!
I'LL SEE YOU TWO MUGS LATER! I'M KEEPING YOU UNDERWATER LIKE GOLD FISHES – BUT I'LL MAKE SURE YOU DON'T DROWN!
DIS MAN ISS CRAZY... HE SAVED US BOTH!
SUB-MARINER'S ARMADA ENTERS THE TUNNEL HEADING THROUGH IT TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE AFRICAN PORT....
YOU GUYS HAVE A DATE WITH ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S NO.1 GENERALS AT THE BASE... SO BEHAVE!
SOON NAMOR BRINGS HIS OWN SUB-TANK ALONGSIDE THE DOCK. BUT JUST THEN-
HEY! WHERE'RE YOU GOING VON ROMMEL?
MAN OVERBOARD!!
IN A FLASH, SUB-MARINER DIVES AFTER VON ROMMEL...
TRYING TO COMMIT WATERY HARA-KARI! COME HERE, YOU DOPE!
HERE ARE YOUR TWO SPECIMENS GENERAL – A LITTLE DRIPPY AND NOT TOO PERT FOR JERKS
FINE WORK, SUB! I DON'T LIKE TO CALL THE NAVY FOR THIS JOB.
AS THE SUB-MARINER GOES TO NEW ADVENTURES, REMEMBER-- THERE ARE MORE THRILLS COMING IN SUB-MARINER QUARTERLY COMICS AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Jap Trap!

BLINKING ITS GHOSTLY eyelids at the stiff breeze of the night, the lighthship *Wade* nudged gently at her anchor, and rolled lazily in the swell of the sea. For nine months the boat had been at this one spot, save to resume position when she dragged anchor.

Jerry Crum, the first mate, resumed in the pantry for at the afternoon night and stared disgustedly at the lights in New York City. Coming to his side, Captain Crumpa nodded at the distant glow. "Pretty, eh?"

"Bah! Jerry said, scowling his nose. "Too much of it! No action except eating and fishing. Why there's a war going on, and what do we do but flop on this tub and watch the ocean!"

Captain Crumpa grinned at his mate's "It's more important than you think. We're part of New York's *defenses!* If it weren't for us here to warn of the channel's end, half the ships entering the harbor would run aground on Breezy Point or the Atlantic Highlands!"

"I guess you're right, Captain, but I sure wish I could get my teeth into some action!"

"Who knows, Jerry. In the last war, the German cruiser Emden, flying a French flag, slipped into an Allied harbor and sunk a couple Russian warships! That might happen here!"

"Naw no such luck. The boys from Fort Tilden would pick them off before we could see them!"

"Perhaps, but camouflage was the best of us!"

In the days that followed, Jerry often saw the ship in the great city area out during black-out practices, but he scoffed at the sight. He just couldn't picture any enemy getting that far, by air or sea. It seemed ridiculous to even think of it.

Jerry was sitting on the rail of the bridge when Captain Crumpa came up. "Jerry I'm being sent to Boston for a week or so, and you're left in charge here. See that everything is kept shipshape, and I'll see you soon." The Captain departed in a motor launch and Jerry watched him go, wishing that something would pop up to spoil him off.

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SPITTING FIRE through an overheated exhaust pipes, the fishing boat came tearing out of the night. As she was a mass of wreckage, with gaping holes, like great eyes, at the sail. Huge holes were taken out of the pilot house, as if by an enormous mouth. The boat smacked against the side of the lightship, and the master came out of the wheelhouse, shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Japs! A whole ship full of them! They shot me up and left me to sink, knowing that I had no radio. They're flying the British flag and headed for the harbor under half-speed, that's how I beat them here. You gotta do something quick. It's probably a suicide ship a cruiser I think!"

"Holy smokes! Are you sure?"

"Positive! And you'll only have a few minutes to do something!"

"Right. Beach your boat at Breezy Point. There nearly the coast artillery at Fort Tilden. I have an idea" The power boat sped toward the shore. Jerry hoped that it would hold together long enough to reach. He didn't dare radio, for fear of being intercepted.

Staking everything on a mad gamble, he called for crew to their warrants. Quickly they got the anchors up and the motor started. With the dark pressing beneath them, the *Wade* moved closer to the shore, until she lay only a half mile off. Any ship that tried to skirt the lightship now would be hopelessly touched!

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With night glasses glued to his eyes, Jerry studied the scene. Before many minutes a grey hull slid into view, a warship of rakish design flying the Union Jack. This was it. He steeled himself to be sure of making no mistakes. That was no British warship, the construction was decidedly Japanese! Well, they had a surprise coming, all right!

But the action was about to take another twist, too. The power launch was ashore, and the skipper dashed to a bungalow to telephone. News in that house, the beach life guards were having a party. When they heard the excited babble of the boatmen they cut no time. "Mickey," the captain, hollered to the rest. "Gill, Wilson, Lane! Hey, the rest of you guys, too! Let's get in on this. Get some of the boys from the other beaches. We've got a job to do!"

Steam was pouring from the stacks of the warship when the commander spotted the lightship. He threw an order to a junior officer in a high sharp voice, and the ship eased off to the right a little. His carefully planned plot was progressing nicely, he mused. Only once did his brow wrinkle. That was when he thought he saw the shore-line that couldn't be, he thought.

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CRASH! The ship lurched violently, its keel scraping along the bottom! The bow shot up as the water grew shallower. Men were pitched from their posts down into the sea, while others fell from the rigging. Slowly the great ship tilted to one side, hopelessly wedged in the sand.

There was no time to launch the boats; men milled around in the water, struggling to get free of their clothes. Even then the commander shouted his orders in clipped Japanese "To the shore! Do as much damage as you can!" The little brown men started swimming.

"Now they come, guys! Do your stuff!" The life guards grinned at each other and powerful muscles rippled as they swam to meet the Japs. The little men never knew what hit them. A tug at the leg, a strong hand around a throat, and bubbles! Big Wilson was clipping chins and sinking Japs so fast he hardly had time to breathe.

WHAM! BAM! BLUBB! They were disappearing by the score! But even at that rate hundreds were reaching the shore. Down swooped the boys from Fort Tilden! The call had gotten them up in the middle of the night, and they hadn't had time to dress, but nobody cared.

Like a plague, they rolled across the sand to meet the Japs, shouting a mighty battle yell.

That wave of men hit the advancing Japs like a thunderbolt! Picking them off they saw the Japs had no guns, so, spearing their bayonetted guns into the sand, they waded into the Japs with their bare hands and bested the brown men to the ground. Then they pulled them up, shook them like terriers, and tossed them back into the ocean!

Sergeant Devlin was late to the fray. He took one look and shouted. "Well, what d'ya know! *Japsies!* If you guys don't save a few for me I'll knock yer ears off!" The sarge was the regiment's heavyweight champ, and when he waded in, Japs flew around him in swarms!

But on the wrecked boat, some of the men manned machine guns on two life rafts and paddled for shore. If they ever reached many would shed their blood on the sand. Jerry caught this from the *Wade* with his night glasses, and a conquest went over the side. With the two cylinder engine pull-pulling, he made for the floating death. He quickly jabbed one of the blades on his two bladed paddle knife into the wooden bow . . . and chugged on! But, they spied him coming, opening fire with the gun!

BULLETS TOOK CHUNKS out of the wood and whizzed around his head, but they couldn't stop Jerry! His longboat plowed into the rubber boat with a ragged crunch, the knife ripping it open like a toy balloon! That was the last of *them!* But, it seemed to be the last of him, too, for water was pouring into the boat. Jerry slipped into a life-jacket and headed for shore.

The Japs in the other rubber boat paused their machine gun ominously. They hadn't been seen. Or so they thought! Mickey swam over to Gill. "Hey, Joe, here's another mess of them. Let's get 'em!"

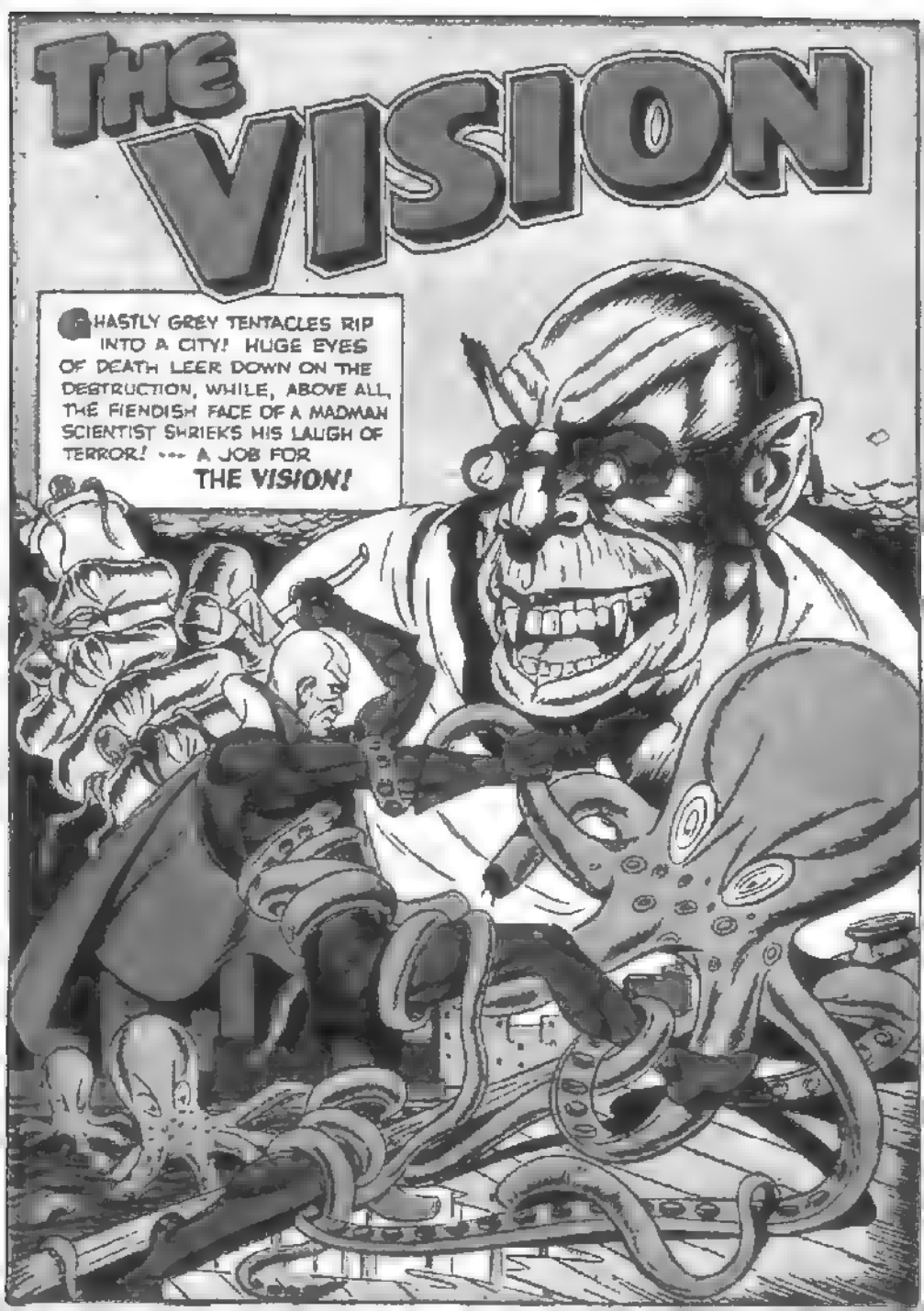
Joe grinned. "Come on!" he whispered. They eased through the slight swells, keeping well down in the water. They reached the rubber boat, and paddling at each other, grabbed the side and rolled the whole mess into the sea! The Japs came up spluttering. A fist came out of no where, and one groaned and went down! Others were just vanishing as pairs of hands grabbed their legs and yanked. They *didn't* come up again!

Shouts from the shore brought the life guards in. They had cleaned out all that were left in the water, but when they got to shore they had no chance for further action. The soldiers had done a good job The beach was a mass of fallen Japs who lay very, very still. It had all happened so fast that it was hard to believe.

Jerry was being patted on the back by the soldiers, and the life guards were quizzing the action over with many gestures. The commanding officer of the fort came up to Jerry. "That sure was a nice piece of work, Mr. Crain. Took fast thinking, and I commend you for it!" The officer leaned over and whispered in Jerry's ear, "Now if I were you, I'd hustle back to my ship before a cutter comes around. A ship without a Captain spells *maritime court*, even in a case like this!"

The End.

★ ★ By Spillane ★ ★


THE VISION
GHASTLY GREY TENTACLES RIP INTO A CITY! HUGE EYES OF DEATH LEER DOWN ON THE DESTRUCTION, WHILE, ABOVE ALL, THE FIENDISH FACE OF A MADMAN SCIENTIST SHRIEKS HIS LAUGH OF TERROR! --- A JOB FOR THE VISION!

IN A SWAMPY, FOG-FILLED VALLEY ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST STANDS A RAMSHACKLE OLD MANSION ... THE LABORATORY OF A MAD SCIENTIST!
INSIDE...
SOON THIS COUNTRY WILL SQUIRM UNDER THE HEEL OF OUR GREAT LEADER! NOW, WHERE ARE MY PETS?
YOU, LITTLE ONES, WILL TERRORIZE THE PEOPLE SO THEY WILL GIVE IN WITHOUT A FIGHT!
WITHIN THE BOWL -- THREE HORRIBLE CREATURES OF DEATH!--- SAUCER-LIKE EYES STARE BLANKLY FROM BLOATED BODIES! -- OCTOPI!
AND NOW FOR MY GREAT EXPERIMENT! IN A FEW HOURS, YOU WILL BE BIG ENOUGH TO WRECK A BATTLESHIP!
EYES AFLAME WITH POWER-LUST, THE MADMAN DISENGAGES THE BOWL AND DASHES TO A SPEEDBOAT MOORED BEHIND THE HOUSE...
GREEN BUBBLES OF GAS RUN THROUGH THE BOWL. THE OCTOPI WRITHE IN A MAD FRENZY AS THE GAS BEGINS TO HAVE EFFECT!
THERE! THAT DOES IT!
AHH! ONLY A FEW MOMENTS MORE!
SHOOTING ALONG AT A TERRIFIC RATE, THE SPEEDBOAT ENTERS NEW YORK HARBOR...
THE END HAS COME FOR THESE SHIPS!

GO--NOW--- KILL! --KILL! THE FATHERLAND WILL REWARD ME WELL FOR THIS!
JUST IN TIME! FOR THE OCTOPI, HAVING BREATHED THE GREEN GAS, INCREASE IN SIZE, UNTIL THEY SHATTER THE GLASS BOWL!
HOURS LATER, A WEIRD, HORRIBLE MONSTER RISES FROM THE BAY! A GIANT TENTACLE SNAKES OUT AND GRABS A SHIP!
YE GODS! LOOK!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
TERROR RUNS RAMPANT! MEN DIE, SHIPS AND DOCKS GO DOWN UNDER THE DEVILISH MONSTROSITIES!
THE PLANES! HERE COME THE BOMBERS!
THIS'LL BE THE END OF THEM!
HEAVY BOMBS BLAST THE UNEARTHLY CREATURES TO BITS! THE HARBOR IS LITTERED WITH FRAGMENTS OF THEIR SHATTERED BODIES!
HURRAY! THAT FINISHED 'EM!
I WONDER HOW THEY GOT IN HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
IT WORKED! MY EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS! NEXT, I WILL MAKE THEM LAND CREATURES ... THEN SEE WHAT HAVOC THEY WILL BRING!
3

QUICKLY, HE REPEATS THE EXPERIMENT AND, IN THE SWAMPY VALLEY THE MAD GENIUS RELEASES THREE MORE OCTOPI!
GO, LITTLE ONES! TO THE CITY! DESTROY EVERYTHING! YOU WILL BE TOO BIG TO KILL!
HMM... OUT OF THE SWIRLING FOG COMES THE VISION TO ANSWER THIS HIDEOUS CHALLENGE TO AMERICA'S SAFETY!
I'LL TWIST YOUR UGLY HEAD FROM YOUR BODY!
WHAT TH--?
YOU MAD DOG! I OUGHT TO FEED YOU TO ONE OF THE THINGS YOU'VE USED TO KILL OTHERS!
BOMP!
AGGRR!
SAY!.. THOSE OCTOPI ARE GETTING BIGGER ALL THE TIME - AND THEY'RE MOVING ON THE CITY! I'LL HAVE TO STOP THAT!
I'M TOO LATE! THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED!
RACING AFTER THE GROTESQUE BEINGS, THE VISION SPOTS THEM AT THEIR WORK OF DEATH!
IT'S GRABBED A WOMAN!
HELP! HELP ME!

BRAIN-RACING TO THWART THE MONSTER, THE VISION SNATCHES UP A FALLEN AX. .
I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!
EEE-EE! HURRY!
THE AX FLASHES AND COMPLETELY SEVERS THE TENTACLES!
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THAT TO KILL THIS THING!
ENRAGED, THE OCTOPUS REACHES OUT TWO SNAKE LIKE TENTACLES! ---
I'LL POLISH YOU OFF ---
--- AND THE AX SINKS DEEPLY INTO THE GLARING EYE!
THAT SHOULD SLOW YOU DOWN A BIT!
ZING
JUST THEN-- A CAR RACES TOWARD THE OCTOPUS WITH THE HORN GOING FULL BLAST!
HONK!
HOLY SMOKE! THE OCTOPUS IS SHRINKING BACK FROM THE SOUND OF THE HORN! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
5

QUICKLY - THE VISION COMMANDEERS A CAR AND HOPS IN! ---
BLAST THAT HORN, MISTER! DRIVE RIGHT BETWEEN THEM!
HONK!
HONK!
THE SHRILL OF THE HORN RIPS THROUGH THE AIR -- AND THE HORROR RETREATS --
HONK-HONK!
THEY'RE GOING BACK -- THE WAY THEY CAME!
MONSTROUS ARMS FLAIL WILDLY- - AS THE WEIRD BEINGS THRESH THEIR WAY BACK INTO THE STENCH OF THE SWAMP -AWAY FROM THE HORN!
IT'S WORKING! WE'LL CUT AROUND AND DRIVE THOSE THINGS INTO THE SCIENTIST'S FRONT YARD!
THEN- SHAKING WITH UNEARTHLY FEAR, THE MAD SCIENTIST SPOTS THE HUGE, FLABBY BODIES GROWING CLOSER!
GOTT! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG! - THAT MAN ---
NOW FOR YOU, MISTER!
I'M GOING TO TURN THAT GUY INSIDE OUT! HEY! THAT TENTACLE S FOLLOW NG HIM!
HIMMEL! IT'S RIGHT BEHIND ME! HELP! HELP!

But the ugly, sucker-lined arm whips about the body of the madman ...
AH-OOOH!
Out of the grey fog seeping in the doorway materializes the VISION! —Overhead, motors throb!
He's done for! And planes flying over the place! I'll give them a target!
Terrible death flashes through the room, but the VISION nimbly dodges!
That oil lamp!
Flaming oil splatters around the room ...
Those planes can't miss now! Here's where I leave!
In a moment the entire countryside is ablaze with light!
Here come the bombers! If I don't make tracks now, I'm sunk!
Thundering crashes rock the earth — and the octopi are torn to pieces!
BOOM!
And back again to the land of smoke and mists — ready to meet another challenge to America's democracy — goes the VISION!
When I'm needed, I'll be back!
Next month... the VISION returns to thrill with another weird adventure, in his battle to keep these skies free!
7

THE PATRIOT
IN
"TREACHERY DEALS A DOUBLE-CROSS!"
WHEN THE JAPANESE MASTERS OF THE DOUBLE CROSS SET OUT TO DOUBLE-DEAL THE UNWARY AMERICANS, THEY FAILED TO RECKON WITH AMERICA'S No 1 PATRIOT!
WHEREVER TRUTH AND JUSTICE ARE IN DANGER, THE PATRIOT IS ON HAND TO DEAL WITH THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY!

ON A CHINA CLIPPER, SOARING OUT OVER THE VAST PACIFIC, JEFF MACE IS ON HIS WAY TO INTERCEPT THE TATSU MARU, A SHIP BEARING JAP OFFICIALS TO BE EXCHANGED FOR CAPTIVE AMERICANS...
OUR AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE DISCOVERED A SINISTER PLOT BY THE JAP DOUBLE-CROSSERS TO BLOW UP THE SHIP CARRYING THE AMERICAN CONSULAR OFFICIALS, AFTER THE JAP SHIP IS SAFELY IN PORT. THEN THEY PLAN TO BLAME IT ON ALLIED SUBS!
JUST BEFORE THE SHIPLOAD OF JAPANESE LEFT SAN FRANCISCO T. NOKKI, THE JAP AMBASSADOR, DIED. HIS BODY IS BEING SHIPPED TO TOKIO ABOARD THE TATSU MARU.
OVER THE HORIZON -- IN THE PATH OF THE TATSU MARU --THE CHINA CLIPPER GLIDES TO THE WATER, AND JEFF IS CAST ADRIFT IN A LIFE RAFT!
BUT THEY ARE GOING TO BE SURPRISED. I WANT YOU TO SET ME DOWN WELL AHEAD OF THE SHIP. THEY'LL TAKE ME ABOARD AND -- THERE SHE IS NOW!
OKAY, PAL! TAKE HER AWAY BEFORE THEY SIGHT YOU! I'LL PRETEND I'M A CASTAWAY!
GOOD LUCK!
THE CLIPPER TAKES OFF -- JEFF TEARS HIS CLOTHING AND SETS UP AN IMPROVISED DISTRESS SIGNAL! ...
WELL, I THINK I LOOK CONVINCING ENOUGH TO FOOL ANYBODY!
...AND SOON THE JAP SHIP APPROACHES...
HERE THEY COME! I'LL ACT DEAD! THEY'LL THINK I'M GONE ... AND I'LL HITCH A RIDE IN THAT DEAD JAP'S CASKET ABOARD! THIS TIME WE'LL DOUBLE-CROSS THE DOUBLE-CROSSERS!

SEEING THE SIGNAL, AND THE FIGURE OF JEFF MACE ON THE LIFE RAFT, THE JAP SHIP HEAVES TO AND HAULS HIM TO THE DECK.
TAKE AMERICAN BELOW AND STOW HIM IN HOLD WITH OTHER DEAD MAN!
YES, SIR!
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, JEFF FINDS THE COFFIN OF THE DEAD JAP OFFICIAL, AND...
AH--HERE IT IS!
...HE QUICKLY CARRIES THE BODY TO THE RAIL AND DROPS IT OVERBOARD!
I HATE TO DO THIS, MR. NOKKI, BUT YOUR OWN DOUBLE-DEALING COUNTRYMEN FORCE ME!
SPLASH!
DISGUISING HIMSELF AS THE DEAD JAP OFFICIAL, JEFF CRAWLS INTO THE EMPTY COFFIN!
BRRR! I'M GLAD THIS ACT ISN'T THE REAL McCOY!
THE SHIP DOCKS IN JAPAN, AND THE CASKET IS CARRIED ASHORE.
HOPE THESE LUGS DON'T DROP ME IN THE DRINK!
...IN THE DARKNESS OF THE OFFICIAL CHAMBER, JEFF EMERGES FROM THE CASKET AND TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO THE PATRIOT!
I'VE GOT WORK TO DO--AND FAST!
...AND, BREAKING INTO THE CITY, MAKES FOR THE AMERICAN SHIP WHICH IS IN DANGER!
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
BUT SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE STREET'S SHADOWS, JAP SOLDIERS ATTACK HIM!

BITE THE DUST, YOU NIPPONESE CUR!
UGH!
SHUT YOUR TRAPS YOU DIRTY JAPS!
ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE OF THE STRUGGLE, HORDES OF THE LITTLE MEN BEAR DOWN ON THE PATRIOT!
OVERWHELMED BY EXCESSIVE ODDS, HE IS THROWN INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP!.
FELLAS, YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT THAT AN AMERICAN IS LIKE A LION! ... ONCE YOU GRAB HOLD, DONT EVER LET GO! OR ELSE!
THE PATRIOT WATCHES HIS CHANCE IN THE PRISON CELL-- AND WHEN A CARELESS GUARD GETS TOO CLOSE TO THE BARS--
I'LL TAKE THOSE KEYS AND THAT UNIFORM, CHUM!
IN THE UNIFORM OF THE JAP GUARD, THE PATRIOT SLIPS PAST THE CAMP SOLDIERS!
NOW IF I'M NOT TOO LATE, I'LL WARN THE AMERICANS OF THEIR DANGER!
HE CLIMBS STEALTHILY UP THE WALL TO THE TOWER--AND CLIPS THE GUARD!

QUICKLY BEFORE THE SOLDIERS DISCOVER THAT HE IS AN IMPOSTER, THE PATRIOT LEAPS TO THE GROUND AND FREEDOM!
FREEDOM! BOY! THAT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR ANY DAY!
STILL MISTAKEN FOR A JAP SOLDIER, THE PATRIOT SNEAKS THROUGH THE VILLAGE, AND REACHES AN ARMY AIRPORT!
HOT DIGGITY DOG! A BREAK AT LAST! AN AIRPORT WITH A SQUAD OF JAP PLANES ON THE LINE!
HA-HA!.. HERE'S A DIVE BOMBER ALL WARMED UP AND READY TO GO!
PATRIOT LEAPS TOWARD THE COCKPIT OF THE WAITING PLANE, AND---
WE'RE GOING TO CHANGE PLACES, SONNY BOY! I'M TAKING OVER!
--AND YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP!
#@$ UGGG!
SHOVING THE JAP OUT, PATRIOT LEAPS IN AND TAKES THE PLANE OFF THE FIELD.
I'M GLAD TO GET THAT FILTHY JAP UNIFORM OFF! --OH-HO! A JAP PURSUIT PLANE ON MY TAIL!
AS HE WHIPS HIS PLANE AROUND, PATRIOT LETS LOOSE A BURST FROM HIS MACHINE GUN--AND THE JAP PURSUIT PLANE ON HIS TAIL BLOWS UP IN MID-AIR!
BOOM!

LIKE A ROCKET THE PATRIOT HEADS OUT OVER THE SEA ---
NOW TO LOCATE THAT MENACED SHIP AND GET THOSE CONSULS OUT OF THIS PICKLE!
THERE SHE IS! --AND OH-OH! THERE'S A SNEAKY JAP SUB READY TO DO ITS DIRTY WORK! WELL NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
OKAY! LITTLE BOMBS, DO YOUR DUTY!
BWOOMB!
ONE OF THE BOMBS LANDS DIRECTLY AMIDSHIPS ON THE SUB!
"X" MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSERS LIE!
DESERTING THE PLANE PATRIOT DIVES INTO THE SEA NEAR THE TRANSPORT!
--AND IS QUICKLY PICKED UP!
WE THANK YOU AND HOPE THAT ALL LOYAL AMERICANS WILL TRY TO FOLLOW YOU IN DEEDS OF PATRIOTISM!
THANK YOU, SIR!
THE PATRIOT WILL BE BACK ON THE JOB OF MAKING SAPS OF JAPS! IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

Terry Vance
The Schoolboy Boy Sleuth
THE CASE OF THE ROCKS STAMP SMUGGLERS
WHAT TH-!
WHEN TERRY LEAVES HIS PALS TO SAVE THE STRANGER'S LIFE, HE ENTERS UPON A MYSTERY AS THRILLING AS IT IS BIZARRE! FOR IT IS NOT ONLY THE LIFE OF THE STRANGER WHICH HANGS IN THE BALANCE, BUT THE FATE OF A NATION!
WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS STRANGER?
WHAT IS HIS STORY?
Read on...

"BERRY, ARE YOU HURT?"
TSK TSK! ALWAYS GETTING INTO SITUATIONS!
I'M OKAY! COME ON! HELP US PICK THIS MAN'S STUFF UP! I SAVED HIS LIFE BUT SCATTERED HIS PAPERS ALL OVER THE PLACE!
I'LL HELP YOU PICK THEM UP!
NO! HELP HIM UP! ... SAY... THESE STAMPS! THEY'RE...
I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THOSE STAMPS!
GET AWAY FROM ME YOU MEDDLERS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
OUCH!
WHACK!
HEY!
WHAT IS THIS? A GAME OF TEN PINS?
IN THE FUTURE MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
WHY - THAT UNGRATEFUL ---
HOLD IT, DEADLINE! THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR HIS BEING IN A HURRY! AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT IS!

WE HAD FIVE SLESWIG CORONATION STAMPS!
FIVE SHI—? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
IT HAPPENS THAT ONLY TWO SLESWIG STAMPS ARE KNOWN TO BE IN EXISTENCE!
GOSH! I WONDER WHO HE WAS?
I SAW "TORPEY STAMPS, INC." ON HIS BRIEF CASE! WE'RE GOING TO THE POLICE!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
THE TORPEY STAMP COMPANY, EH? I'LL GO THERE WITH YOU!
THANKS, SARGE!
HMM! THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING!
I RECOGNIZED THOSE STAMPS RIGHT AWAY! I COLLECT STAMPS MYSELF...
STAMP COLLECTING —BAH!
YEAH? SO DO I!
BUT, WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE STAMP COMPANY...
I'M SORRY WE'RE CLOSING UP NOW!
STEP ASIDE SISTER! WE WANT TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!
PERHAPS I COULD HELP YOU, OFFICER!
COME IN, PLEASE!
THIS IS OUR ENTIRE COLLECTION OF IMPORTED STAMPS
??
THEY'RE GENUINE ALL RIGHT!
HMM NOTHING WRONG HERE!
HUMPH!
GUESS YOU KIDS WERE MISTAKEN!
YYES! I GUESS WE WERE! I'M SORRY, MISTER!
OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
THE STUPID KIDS!

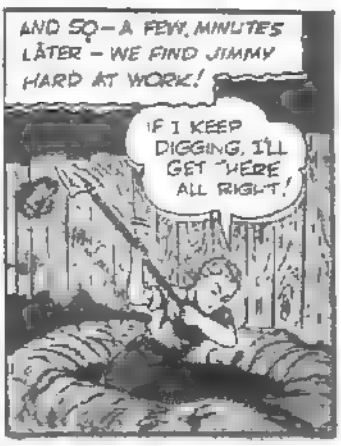
YOU AND YOUR STAMPS! THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN YOU MUST BE WRONG!
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG UP THERE, DEADLINE - AND I'M NOT GOING TO STOP UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
THAT'S THE STUFF, K.D!
ARE YOU COMING?
YES, I'LL STICK! BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO PAY OUR FRIEND AN UNEXPECTED VISIT! COME ON!
THE OFFICE IS DIRECTLY BELOW - IF WE COULD LOWER OURSELVES DOWN FROM HERE...
YEAH, BUT HOW CAN WE? THERE ISN'T MUCH OF A WINDOW LEDGE - AND WE HAVEN'T ANY ROPE!
OKAY! THEN WE'LL MAKE A ROPE! TAKE OFF YOUR BELT, DEADLINE!
GOSH! WHAT NEXT?
OH I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! DR WATSON TO THE RESCUE!
PSST! PSST!
CHK! CHK!
DR. WATSON IS LOWERED AND HE FOLLOWS TERRY'S DIRECTIONS!
NOW TO OPEN THIS WINDOW!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
GEE! I HOPE OUR BELTS DON'T SLIP!
FURTHER FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS, DR WATSON PREPARES A LEDGE...
NICE WORK!
CLEVER, EH?

TERRY AND DEADLINE ENTER THE OFFICE..
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
LET'S TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND!
DON'T BOTHER LOOKING AT THE IMPORTED STUFF! WE KNOW THAT'S GENUINE!
THESE AREN'T IMPORTED -- THEY'RE ALL MARKED FOR EXPORT AND THEY'RE PHONIES! - EVERY ONE OF THEM!
EXPORT
LOOK WHAT I FOUND -- A LITTLE BLACK BOOK!
LET'S SEE THAT, DR WATSON!
OKAY, TERRY!
ANYTHING IMPORTANT IN IT?
YOU BET! IT LISTS THE SERIAL NUMBERS OF SOME OF THE PHONEY STAMPS..
SO, WHAT?
LET'S LINE UP THE STAMPS ACCORDING TO THIS LIST!
THE STAMPS ARE ARRANGED..
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL...
NOW -- LET'S TOSS SOME WATER ON IT!
THAT'S FOR ME!
HERE YOU ARE, BOSS!
--- SLOWLY THE WATER MARKS OF THE STAMPS APPEAR!
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S A COASTAL DEFENSE MAP!
WE'VE STUMBLED UPON A SPY RING!

LET'S GO GET THE F.B.I. LET'S GET EDGAR HOOVER! LET'S GET---
LOOK! THE DOOR'S OPENING!
OH OH! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!
--AND TROUBLE IT IS!
GOOD AFTERNOON, MY INQUISITIVE FRIENDS! WHAT A PITY THAT YOU ARE TO DIE SO YOUNG! --AND SO CLEVER!
BUT YOU HAVE BROKEN INTO MY OFFICE, AND SO, IN SELF DEFENSE, I MUST SHOOT YOU!
HE MEANS IT, TOO!
BUT DR WATSON IS ON THE JOB!
IF I COULD JUST GET THESE STAMPS OVER TO THE ELECTRIC FAN!
STEALTHILY, DR WATSON TURNS ON THE FAN --- THEN ...!
WHAT TH--! MY STAMPS! MY PRECIOUS STAMPS!
WHEEE-EEE-EEE! IT'S SNOWING!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE, TERRY!
BOY! I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS!
TAKE THAT! YOU DIRTY NAZI!
ACH!

LATER ... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ...
WE INTENDED TO SHIP THESE MAP-BEARING STAMPS TO OUR AGENTS IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES, WHO, IN TURN, WOULD DELIVER THEM TO THE FATHERLAND!
THAT'S ENOUGH! TAKE THIS RAT AWAY, BOYS!
GREAT WORK, TERRY!
I UNDERSTAND ALL ABOUT THE FAKE MAP-BEARING STAMPS WHICH WERE TO BE SENT ABROAD, BUT WHAT GETS ME IS THIS BUSINESS OF GENUINE IMPORTED STAMPS!
OH!
THAT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH! IT WAS THE SALE OF THE REAL STAMPS THAT PAID THE EXPENSES OF THE ENTIRE ORGANIZATION. STAMPS ARE A FORM OF INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY!
HEY! TERRY!
YOU KNOW, THIS AFFAIR HAS INTERESTED ME IN STAMPS! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO BUY SOME?
YOU BET I DO! JUST FOLLOW ME!
OH, BOY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET THEM!
THIS WAY, DEADLINE!
U.S. POST
FOR THE BEST STAMP BUY OF THE YEAR, BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE STAMPS!
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THIS KIND OF A STAMP COLLECTION!
TERRY VANCE...
THE 'UP TO THE-MINUTE-MAN' OF ACTION AND ADVENTURE
WILL BE BACK WITH HIS PALS IN NEXT MONTH'S
MARVEL COMICS!

JIMMY JUPITER IN The TUNNEL TO CHINA



TIME PASSES...
HO-HUM—THIS IS HARD WORK—THINK I'LL REST FOR A WHILE!
Suddenly!—THE BOTTOM SEEMS TO FALL OUT OF THE HOLE...!
HEY!
WHAM!
TSK-TSK! THAT'S NO WAY TO ENTER A PLACE!
HUH?
DID YOU SAY THAT?
YES! TELL ME... DID YOU SEE ALICE ON YOUR WAY DOWN?
NO... WHO'S ALICE?
THAT'S A SHAME! —EVERYBODY KNOWS ALICE
ALICE! OH— ALICE!
ALICE! ARE YOU THERE?
HUH?
SAY... MR HARE!
CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO CHINA?
YOU MEAN—HOW TO GET SOME CHINA! YOU CAN'T GET TO CHINA, BUT YOU CAN GET SOME CHINA AT THE CHINA SHOP! SAAY— YOU'RE KINDA STUPID, ANTCHA?
AND WITH THAT, THE HARE DISAPPEARS, LEAVING A SLIGHTLY BEFUDDLED JIMMY!

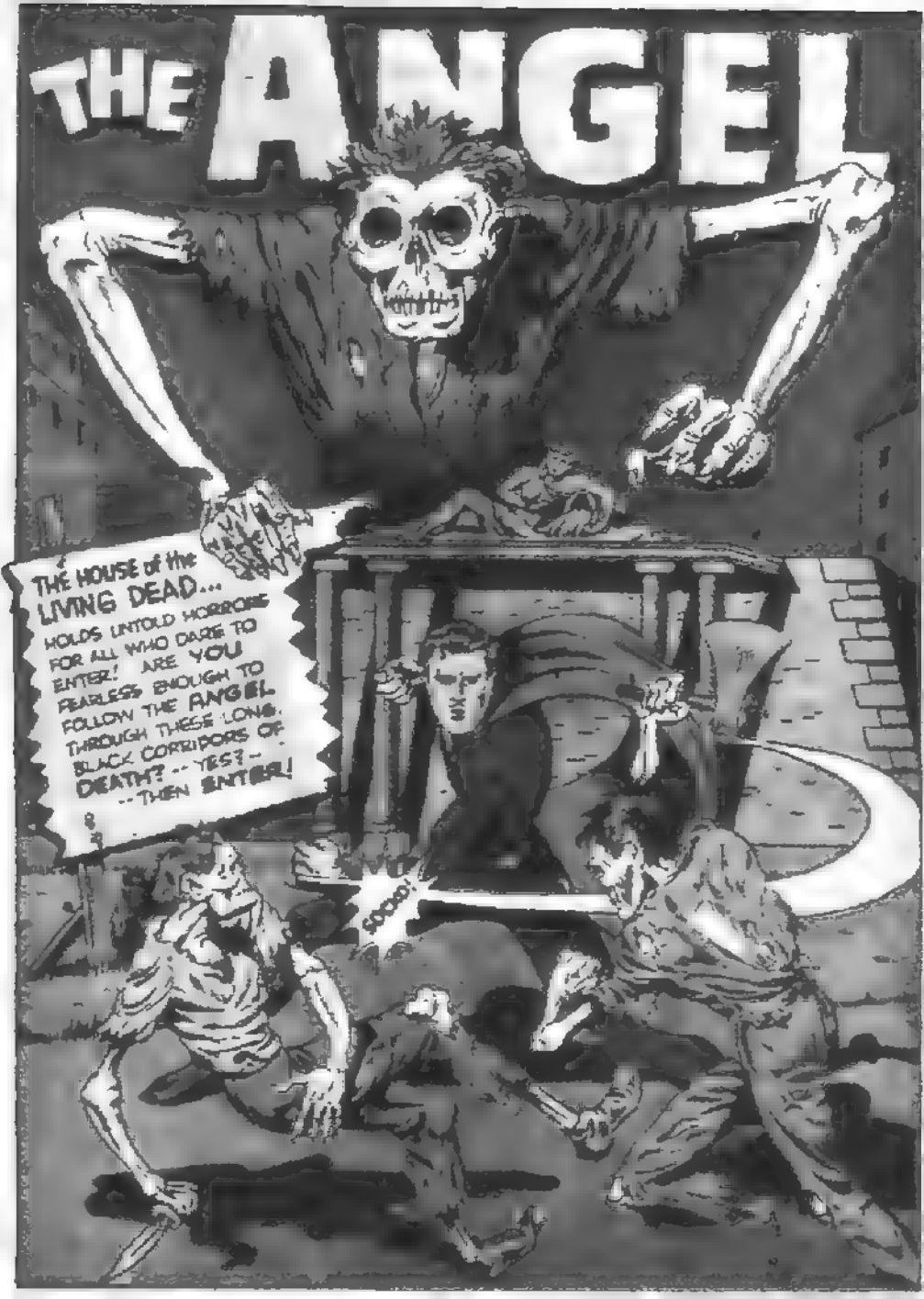
HE WAS CALLING "ALICE"—HMM—ALICE? HOLY SMOKES! THIS MUST BE WONDERLAND!
AT LEAST I KNOW WHERE I AM!
—OR, DO I? ... GOSH! WHERE IS WONDERLAND?... LIKE NEW JERSEY, OR EVEN—YEAH—CHINA! I'D BETTER KEEP GOING! —ELSE I MIGHT GET LOST!
IF I WERE IN CHINA, I'D KNOW WHERE I WAS!
GOLLY!... WHAT'S THAT?
A GIANT CHESS BOARD! I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK!
WOW!
GOLLY!—THIS IS ABOUT THE STRANGEST—
STRANGE? WHAT'S STRANGE? YOU'RE STRANGE! THAT'S WHAT!
GEE WHIZ! A LIVING WHITE CHESS KNIGHT!
AHA! YOU MUST BE A SPY FROM THE BLACK KINGDOM!
HALT!
E-E-BUT I'M NO SPY!
PISH POSH! THE QUEEN WILL SETTLE YOUR HASH IF YOU'RE A SPY, YOU SPY — YOU FOLLOW ME!
PISH! POSH! PISH! POSH!

JIMMY IS LED BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN!
AHEM!
AHEM? WHO SAID AHEM? GO AWAY! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE PLAYING CHESS?
JUST A MINUTE! WHOM HAVE YOU THERE?
A SPY, YOUR MAJESTY!
I'M NOT!
YES, WHO?
A SPY! GOODY! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A HANGING! PSH-POSH-PISH-POSH!
BUT I'M NOT A SPY, YOUR MAJESTY!
YOU'RE NOT? TELL ME - ARE YOU FROM OUR KINGDOM?
N-N-NO - YOUR MAJESTY!
I DON'T LIKE HANGINGS, MYSELF!
AH-HAH! THEN YOU MUST BE FROM THE BLACK KINGDOM!
AND THAT MAKES YOU A SPY!
HAVE HIM HANGED! --AND CALL THE BISHOP TO HEAR HIS LAST WORDS!
TOO BAD!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
?
GULP!
GEE!

A MINUTE LATER, THE BISHOP ENTERS...
OHO! - SOME LAST WORDS TO BE HEARD ---WHAT?
HE IS A SPY FROM THE BLACK KINGDOM!
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A HANGING!
HMMM! ...
!
HAW! HE'S NOT BLACK, THOUGH, YOU KNOW!
EXCEPT BEHIND HIS EARS!
QUIET! YOU SHANT CHEAT ME OUT OF MY HANGING!
I'LL HANG YOU, TOO!
O'BOY! TWO HANGINGS!
BUT... AT THAT MOMENT!
YOUR MAJESTY! THE BLACKS ARE ATTACKING!
---AND EVERYONE DASHES OUT ONTO THE GIANT CHESSBOARD ... TAKING JIMMY WITH THEM!
OHH! I HATE WAR!
HURRY!
GEE WHIZ!
WE MUSTNT LET THEM BEAT US!
PISH!
PISH! POSH!

THERE THEY ARE!
TCH! TOO BAD FOR YOU, MY BOY! THIS MAKES YOU A PRISONER OF WAR!
BUT WON'T YOU LISTEN TO ME? LOOK! LISTEN TO ME! IF I HELP YOU WIN THIS BATTLE, WILL THAT BE PROOF ENOUGH?
AMAZED AT JIMMY'S SUGGESTION, THE ROYAL CHESSMEN HESITATE ... THEN ...
HMM! — THE QUEEN'S SILENCE MAKES ME FEEL SHE LIKES THE IDEA ... SO, AS THE KING, I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO PROCEED!
GOOD!
LET ME SEE A MAP OF OPERATIONS!
DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CHESS!
A LITTLE!
QUICKLY, JIMMY IS SHOWN THE MAP!
HMMMMMM
HURRY! HURRY! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!
IF YOU FAIL, THE QUEEN WILL SEE YOU HANGED!
TALKING IN THE CODE OF CHESS PARLANCE, JIMMY MAPS OUT A BLITZ ...
K.R. TO K's 4TH ... K.B. TO Q.B's 4TH ... Q. TO K.R's 5TH ... Q TO K.B's 7TH ... — CHECKMATE!
CHECKMATE? HMMM!
YES, CHECKMATE!
IMMEDIATELY — JIMMY'S PLAN IS PUT INTO EFFECT — AND THE BATTLE IS SOON WON! WITH THE WHITE ARMY VICTORIOUS!
HOORAY! CHECKMATE! WE WIN!

YOU DID IT, MY BOY! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS!
HAW! I TOLD YOU HE WASN'T A BLACK!
HMPH!
YES—AND NOW I CAN KEEP IT THERE!
WE HAVE DECIDED TO LET YOU GO AND WE PROMISE NEVER TO BATTLE AGAIN!
NO, NEVER!
GEE! THAT'S GREAT!
GOODBYE, JIMMY!
GOODBYE, JIMMY! AND DON'T FORGET THE TROUBLE YOU ALMOST GOT INTO! WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS!
BYE!
SO JIMMY STARTS ONCE MORE TO LOOK FOR THE WAY TO CHINA — BUT —!
I'M GLAD THEY'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT ANY MORE!
WHAT'S THAT!
SCOM
BAM!
WELL — I'LL BE DARNED! THEY'RE JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
FOR DOWN ON THE CHESSBOARD BATTLEFIELD THE WHITES AND THE BLACKS ARE ONCE AGAIN BATTLING FOR POSSESSION OF A BLACK SQUARE!
IT ALL SEEMS SO POINTLESS!
OH, WELL! — I CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR THEM! — NOW TO GET TO CHINA!
DO YOU THINK HE'LL GET THERE? ... WE'LL SEE IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!


THE ANGEL
THE HOUSE of the LIVING DEAD... HOLDS UNTOLD HORRORS FOR ALL WHO DARE TO ENTER! ARE YOU FEARLESS ENOUGH TO FOLLOW THE ANGEL THROUGH THESE LONG, BLACK CORRIDORS OF DEATH? -- YES? -- --THEN ENTER!
SOCKO!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR...
A GRUESOME CREATURE WITH THE STENCH OF DEATH ABOUT HIM SLIPS THROUGH THE DOOR UNSEEN!
...AND I WISH TO STATE THAT THESE CRIMES -- WHY ---- WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISS BOYLE?
WITH A HORRIBLE SCREAM, THE LIVING CORPSE LEAPS!.. BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, IN SWINGS THE ANGEL, NEMESIS OF CRIME!
WHAT? -- AGRRR-
HELP!
...AND TEARS THE FOUL CREATURE FROM THE MAYOR!
I'VE TRAILED YOU FOR A LONG TIME! NOW -----
BOF!
A WICKED PUNCH - AND THE CORPSE FLIES OUT THE WINDOW!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS FIENDISHNESS YET!
YOO-OWOO!
GRUNCH!
BUT THE CREATURE PICKS HIS TWISTED BODY FROM THE SIDEWALK, AND HASTILY RUSHES OFF!
HA HA I'M ALREADY DEAD! NOTHING CAN KILL ME NOW!
IN THE GHOSTLY HALF LIGHT OF DUSK, THE DEAD MAN LEADS THE ANGEL TO -- A GRAVEYARD!
WE, THE LIVING DEAD SHALL RULE THE WORLD! TONIGHT YOU MUST JUMP INTO THE RESERVOIR AND POLLUTE THE WATER SUPPLY!
WHAT'S THIS?

FIGHTING MAD, THE ANGEL TEARS INTO THE HIDEOUS MEN OF THE GRAVES!
GET HIM! TEAR HIM APART!
KILL!
KILL!
THAT LEADER IS NO MORE DEAD THAN I AM!
BUT THE FOUL CREATURES SWARM OVER HIM, AND HE GOES DOWN UNDER THEIR REEKING BODIES!
TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON!
WE HAVE HIM!
DRAGGED TO AN OLD MANSION ON THE EDGE OF THE CEMETERY, THE ANGEL IS THROWN INTO THE EERIE DUNGEON!
YOU'LL BE THE NEXT TO JOIN THE LIVING DEAD!
HA! HA! HA!
THE ANGEL COMES TO...
HOLY SMOKE! WHAT A PLACE! SAY! - I'LL HAVE TO STOP THOSE ZOMBIES FROM POLLUTING THE RESERVOIR!
I'LL CRACK THIS CAN OR BUST!
HURTLING THROUGH THE SMASHED WINDOW, THE ANGEL HEADS FOR THE RESERVOIR!
IF I CAN ONLY HEAD THEM OFF.
THERE THEY ARE! I'LL HIDE INSIDE THE PLANT!
AH! - THE CHLORINE TREATMENT PLANT! THESE BOTTLES OF CHLORINE GIVE ME AN IDEA!

WITH A HORRIBLE PLAGUE ABOUT TO BE VISITED UPON THE CITY, THE ANGEL IS SPURRED TO ACTION AND RIPS IN TO STOP IT!
THIS CHLORINE WILL PURIFY YOU AS WELL AS WATER --I HOPE!
MY EYES!
LOOK OUT!
AGRRR!
IT'S KILLING ME!
THIS WILL TEACH YOU THAT THE DEAD SHOULD STAY DEAD!
SLOWLY THE ROTTED BODIES FALL APART UNDER THE POWERFUL EFFECT OF THE CHLORINE...
WITH THE CORPSE MEN DEAD, THEIR GHASTLY ATTEMPT UNDONE -- THE ANGEL RACES BACK TO THE HOUSE OF CRIME! THERE HE SEES---
A LABORATORY! AH! - SO THIS IS WHERE THE DEAD MEN RETURN!
THE ANGEL SMASHES HIS WAY IN...
I'LL STOP YOUR DEVILISH TRICKS!
HEY! HE GOT AWAY!
STOP HIM!
WELCOMING THE EXPECTANT ONSLAUGHT, THE ANGEL SMILES GRIMLY... AND...
ALL RIGHT, RATS! COME ON!
MIGHTY BLOWS FELL THE FIENDS! BUT, WITH THE FIGHT AT ITS THICKEST, THE CORPSE DARTS FOR THE DOOR!
YOU DIRTY FIENDS! WHAT TH--- ANOTHER ONE!

DROPPING THE UNCONSCIOUS DEMONS TO THE FLOOR, THE ANGEL CHARGES AFTER THE LOATHSOME CADAVER!
IF YOU HAVE TO BE KILLED TWICE, TO DIE, I'LL DO IT!
IEEE! STAY AWAY!
THE WEIRD CHASE LEADS THROUGH THE OLD GRAVEYARD, AND THERE -----
WHAT! OVER THERE... MORE OF THEM DIGGING A HUGE GRAVE!
HELP! HE'S COMING AFTER ME!
WIELDING SHOVELS AND AXES, THE HORRIBLE MEN OF THE GRAVE CHARGE AT THE ANGEL!
THIS IS MY MEAT, GHOULS! COME AND GET IT!
BESIDE THE GREAT PIT, THE BATTLE RAGES!
THIS'LL MAKE YOU LIKE THE REST OF US!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!
BACK TO YOUR GRAVES YOU GO!
AAA!
JUMP ON HIM!
THIS S ONE GRAVE YOU WON'T COME BACK FROM!

I'LL GIVE THOSE DEVILS A TASTE OF HADES!
RACING TO A PARKED CAR, THE ANGEL DRAWS OUT THE GAS!
I'LL FINISH THEM... ONCE AND FOR ALL!
AND SPILLS IT OVER THE REEKING BODIES IN THE PIT...
HAVE A DRINK OF LIQUID DEATH!
THEN...
THIS IS THE END OF YOUR CRIMES!
NOW BACK TO YOUR LABORATORY!
INSIDE THE LABORATORY... THE ANGEL CONFRONTS THE LEADER OF THE DEAD MEN...
I DON'T THINK YOU ARE AS DEAD AS YOU LOOK!
WHAT!
THE "CORPSE" PULLS AWAY, AND DASHES WILDLY UP A STAIRCASE!
YOU SLIMY FIEND! --I'LL GET YOU!

THE ANGEL DIVES--AND---
GOTCHA!
LEGGO! LEGGO!
THIS WILL BE THE END OF YOU AND YOUR LEGION OF DEAD!
UGGG!
HE'S DISAPPEARED! NOW WHAT GOES ON?
UNINJURED, THE MONSTROUS CREATURE TEARS FOR THE CELLAR!
SO--YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF KILLING, EH?
THIS HORRIBLE DISPLAY IS THE ONLY THING HERE! I WONDER WHERE HE WENT?
--BUT THE SINISTER FIGURE HANGING ON A HOOK DROPS!--
NOW YOU'LL GET IT FOR SPOILING MY SET UP!

YOU STICK YOUR NECK OUT TOO FAR THIS TIME, WISE GUY!
BUT THE ANGEL DUCKS IN TIME...
YOU SPOKE TOO SOON!
LET ME KILL HIM!
BUT THE FIGHT IS NOT OVER, FOR...
HE KILLED THE LEADER!
WHAT! — MORE OF THEM?
NOW I AM MAD! COME ON, YOU NIGHTMARES!
AGRRR!
KILL!
UNDER THE ANGEL'S TERRIFIC BLOWS, THE BODIES OF THE DEAD MEN FALL APART!
BUT THE LEADER COMES TO AND DARTS FOR THE DOOR!
THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

THE LEADER GOT AWAY!... NOW WHAT'S HE UP TO?
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!
STOP THIS! THE ACID WILL EAT YOU APART!
YOUR AIM IS VERY BAD!
DODGING THE DEADLY BOTTLES, THE ANGEL GRABS THE EDGE OF THE TABLE...
NOW I'LL DO SOME TOSSING!
...AND THROWS IT!
HELP! GET ME UP! IT'S BURNING ME!
SPILT ACID RUNS ONTO THE HORRIBLE FACE OF THE LEADER!
OWOOO!
And... A MOMENT LATER... A TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE ... AND THE ANGEL DISCOVERS...

A MASK! – AND IT'S YOU, DR MERKEL, THE MAD DOCTOR WHO ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM!
WHILE THE ANGEL REMOVES THE TABLE TO GET AT THE MAD DOCTOR, SEVERAL CHEMICALS RUN TOGETHER AND ...
SO--YOU COULDN'T HELP BUT GET EVEN WITH THE WORLD THAT SENT YOU AWAY! HEY?
YOU...!
... THE CHEMICAL MIXTURE GOES UP IN A TREMENDOUS FLAME!
KLAM!
THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! ... THAT WINDOW!...
CRASHING THROUGH A WALL OF FLAME, THE ANGEL LOOKS BACK AT THE BURNING INFERNO!
BOY! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
Suddenly -- A FLAMING BODY DASHES FROM THE HOUSE...
THE DOCTOR!... AND THE WALL'S FALLING ON HIM! ...
... AND THE HOUSE OF WALKING DEAD SMASHES TO EARTH!... WHILE THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS AMID THE DEADLY SILENCE OF THE LONELY GRAVES.
DID SHIVERS RUN DOWN YOUR SPINE? REMEMBER, "THE ANGEL IS ALWAYS GOOD FOR AN UNUSUAL STORY" IN MARVEL COMICS!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY RACE TOWARD CAMP LEHIGH AFTER A TEARY-EYED ADVENTURE...

CA

THAT LAST CRIME CLEAN-UP WAS A TOUGHY, BUCKY!

YOU SAID IT, THAT TIME, CAP!

QUICKLY, THEY RESUME THEIR ROLES AS PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES, COMPANY MASCOT!

BACK IN THE ARMY, KID!

AM PROUD OF IT!

WHAT'LL WE DO FOR EXITEMENT AFTER THE HOT TIME WE JUST HAD?
THERE'S THAT NEW BOWLING ALLEY IN TOWN...AT LEAST WE CAN HAVE SOME FUN!
NEXT DAY, ON MESS HALL DETAIL...
HEY, GET YOUR THUMB OUT OF THAT SOUP!
OOPS, S'CUSE ME, SARGE!
LISTEN, ROGERS, I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I PUT YOU ON THE COMPANY BOWLING TEAM... NOT THAT YER ANY GOOD, THOUGH!
OH YEAH? WE'LL SEE!
WHY, I'LL SPOT YA THIRTY POINTS ANY DAY, SARGE!
THE COMPANY TEAM GOES INTO ACTION THAT NIGHT...
NICE SHOT, BOB!
YOU'RE NEXT, STEVE!
GEO'S RECREATION PARLOR LIVING-POOL BILLIARDS
AHHH, STRIKE!
GOOD, STEVE!
MOMENTS LATER...
OHWW! ROGERS DID IT AGAIN!
GENTLEMEN, WE OF THE GUNNER EXPERTS SECTION CHALLENGE YOU FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF CAMP LENIGH!

GUSO, THE OWNER OF THE ALLEY, OVER HEARS THE CONVERSATION...
BUT YOUSE GUYS LEAVE FOR OVERSEAS TOMORROW!
WELL, WE CAN PLAY THEM RIGHT NOW IF YOU GET YOUR TEAM TOGETHER!
GUSO MOVES INTO ACTION...
HEY BOYS, GET SET—THOSE GUYS ARE GOING TO A HOSPITAL, NOT OVER SEAS...
THE GAME IS IN PROGRESS...AN IMPORTANT GUN ENGINEER HAS JUST THROWN...
WHAT'S WRONG, SOLDIER?
WOW! I THINK IT'S A SPRAINED THUMB... I COULDN'T LEGGO THE DANGED BALL!
ANOTHER EXPERT STEPS TO THE LINE AND...
NOW WHAT?
I THINK I PULLED MY SHOULDER OUT OF IT'S SOCKET!
SUBSTITUTES FILL IN FOR THE INJURED MEN AND THE GAME GOES ON—
WHO'S THAT BIG GUY? HIS FORM'S GOOD!
HIM? DAT'S DE BEST MACHINE-GUN BREAKER-DOWN AND BUILDER-UPPER IN DIS MAN'S ARMY!
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
A STRANGE ACCIDENT OCCURS...
CRACK!
WHAT?

THE BOWLING ALLEY OF DEATH
GOOD LORD! HE'S-HE'S DEAD!
GIGO'S BOWL-O-DROME
THAT WAS A MEAN BLOW, BUCKY, BUT IT SHOULD NEVER HAVE KILLED HIM!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, STEVE!
STEVE ROGERS, ALIAS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTER, MAKES A DISCOVERY.
WOW! LOOK! HERE'S A HOLE IN HIS HEAD FROM A .32 CALIBRE BULLET... CALL THE M.P.'S!
FINDING NO CLUES, STEVE AND BUCKY RETURN TO CAMP...
THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY BART IT, STEVE!
RIGHT, BUT FIRST, I WANT YOU TO GET YOURSELF A JOB AS PIN-BOY AT GIGO'S PLACE! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HIS BOWLING ALLEY... AND WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
THE NEXT EVENING BUCKY VISITS GIGO...
THANKS FOR GIVING ME THE JOB, MR. GIGO. I SURE NEED IT!
OK KID, BUT DON'T TRY AN' SEE TOO MUCH-JUST WORK!
AH' BE SURE TO FIX IT SO WHEN AN OFFICER COMES IN HE GETS ONE OF THESE BALLS!
SOMETHING'S FISHY! I'VE GOT TO SEE THOSE BALLS!
BUCKY DOES A LITTLE INSPECTING....
WHOOOE! LOOK AT THOSE SPRING CLAMPS IN THE THUMB-HOLES! NO WONDER THOSE SOLDIERS COULDN'T LET GO OF THE BALLS LAST NIGHT!

THE BOWLING ALLEY OF DEATH
I'M GLAD I CHANGED THOSE TRICK BALLS... NOW TO —
WHAT'S THIS?
MMMM—A FUNNY SHAPED PLUG... AND RIGHT ON THE JOINT PIN SPOT IN THE ALLEY WHERE THE MAN WAS KILLED LAST NIGHT... MAYBE I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE!
OH, OH, AN OFFICER... HE MUSTN'T USE THIS ALLEY, ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN!
OFFICERS NIGHT
STEVIE! SAY, HE CAN STOP THIS GUY!
BUCKY'S SIGNALLING... I HOPE I GET HIM RIGHT!
SORRY, MAJOR THIS ALLEY IS RESERVED FOR ME!
WHA... WHAT DO YOU MEAN! THIS IS OFFICERS NIGHT! I'LL HAVE YOU TAKEN IN!
M P'S! ARREST THIS MAN!
WHAT A FIX!
AS STEVE IS LED AWAY, THE SITUATION LOOKS DESPERATE, BUT....
OOPS STEVE MAKES A BID FOR LIBERTY
SORRY, SOLDIER!

STEVE ROGERS QUICKLY TAKES OFF HIS ARMY UNIFORM REVEALING HIS COSTUME OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!
NOW TO GET BACK TO THE ALLEY! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
GOOD LORD! THE MAJOR'S THROWN THE BALL!
AS THE KING-PIN REPEATS IT'S MACABRE PERFORMANCE, CAPTAIN AMERICA FLIES TO INTERCEPT IT...
CAPTAIN AMERICA, YAHOO!
GOTCHA!
OKAY BOYS, GET THAT GUY!
AT THAT MOMENT, GIGO AND HIS THUGS ACT!
THE BOWLING ALLEY IS TURNED INTO A BATTLE GROUND.....
HO, HO, WHAT A FIELD DAY WE'RE HAVING!
HEY!
UGH!
BANG BANG BANG!
THERE GOES ANOTHER SOLDIER!

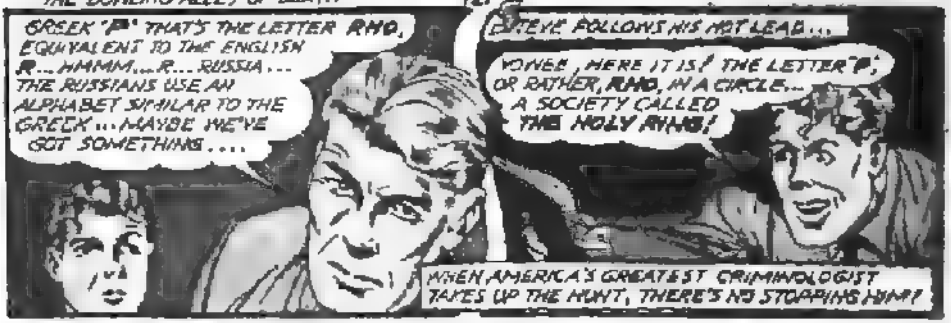
AND HERE GOES ANOTHER TRAITOR!
BUT NUMBERS FAVORS THE ATTACKERS AND CAPTAIN AMERICA GOES DOWN...
WE'VE GOT HIM!
GOOD! DOWN BELOW WITH HIM!
I'LL WAIT MY CHANCE AND THEN...
MEANWHILE THE WATCHMAN BUCKY IS NOT IDLE!
GIGO PRESSES A SECRET BUTTON...
NOW, CAPTAIN, YOU WILL ENJOY THE HOSPITALITY OF GIGO'S RECREATION HALL!
SEE, THE BOWLING ALLEY RISES... WE HAVE A LOT IN STORE FOR YOU BELOW, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
AND I'VE A LOT IN STORE FOR YOU, TOO, LATER!
BUCKY, DRESSED AS PIN-BOY, WATCHES AS CAPTAIN AMERICA IS FORCED DOWN THE LONG STAIRWAY...
SCRAM, KID!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, GIGO!
BUT SUDDENLY, BUCKY SEES HIS CHANCE...
WATCH OUT, PAL! HA HA!
OOF!
SWI!

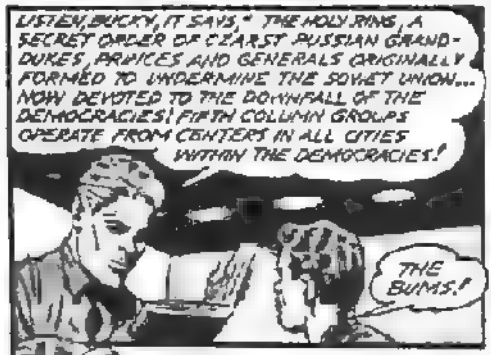
AND IMMEDIATELY CAP BREAKS LOOSE...
NOW FOR THE SHOWDOWN!
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP!
ALTHOUGH YOU DON'T SEEM TO NEED MUCH HELP, CAP!
MINUTES LATER, WHEN OUR HEROES MOP UP THE MEN ON HAND...
YEAH, BUT WHERE'S GIGO?
THEY'RE OUT COLD, CAP!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, BUCKY!
RIGHT, BUT THIS WHOLE THING'S A MYSTERY TO ME!
HA, HA, THAT FREIGHT ELEVATOR FINISHED THEM!
CRASH
SUDDENLY!

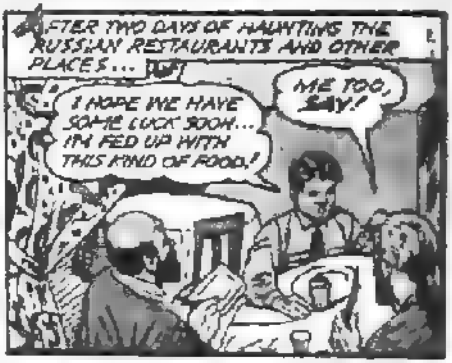
WHAT..? THEY STILL LIVE! PUT THEM IN OUR "GUEST ROOM", BOYS, AND GIVE THEM THE WORKS!
LIKE ALL STUPID OUTLAWS, BIGO HASN'T SENSE ENOUGH TO QUIT, AND.....
NOW LET'S SEE HOW CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LIKE BEING THE BOWLING PINS FOR AWHILE!
THE HELPLESS TWO ARE LOCKED INTO THE ALLEYS..
AT THE OTHER END OF THE ALLEY..
MY HEAD'S STILL SPINNING, CAP!
HAVE COURAGE, KID... 'CAUSE I THINK IT'S GOING TO SPIN SOME MORE!
OF COURSE YOU REALIZE, CAPTAIN, THAT MY MAIN PURPOSE IN DOING AWAY WITH YOU IS TO GIVE MY FUEHRER A BETTER CHANCE TO IN-VADE YOUR HOMELAND! AND NOW...
COURAGE, KID!
WHAT A MAN... NOT A CRY OUT OF HIM!
TOO BAD! MY HOOK PREVENTED A SQUARER SHOT. I'LL DO BETTER THIS TIME!
YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS, BIGO... AND PLENTY TOO!
BUT THE MADMAN'S LITTLE SPORT IS INTERRUPTED..
GET 'IM, MEN!

HAVING BEEN WARNED OF TROUBLE BY BUCKY BEFOREHAND, ROUSH-AND-READY M.P.'S RUSH IN IN THE NICK OF TIME!
TAKE THIS, RATS!
WHEN I SAW TROUBLE I WENT FOR HELP... I FOUND A NOTE FROM BUCKY UP STAIRS TELLING WHERE THE SECRET STAIRWAY WAS!
THANKS, MAJOR! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME!
THE M.P.'S MOP UP AND CAP AND BUCKY ARE FREED!
WHERE'S THE RING-LEADER... THAT GIGO FELLOW!
YOU'VE GOT ME!
CAPTAIN AMERICA FINDS SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING..
HELLO... HERE'S A STRANGE PIN!
LOOK! A PLASTIC HOOD PLUS OVER A .22 CALIBRE CARTRIDGE SET IN THE PIN HEAD...
WHERE'D THIS COME FROM, BUCKY?
FROM THE ALLEY JUST OVER THE STAIRS... THE ONE WHERE THE MAN WAS KILLED LAST NIGHT...
CAP INVESTIGATES THE UNDER SIDE OF THE BOWLING ALLEY...
WELL, WELL, A CATAPULT, EH?

CAP, MY GUESS IS THAT THE ROD OF THE CATAPULT WOULD HIT THE KING-PIN SPOT!— SAY, THAT'S WHAT DROVE THOSE PINS DOWN THE ALLEY!
HERE'S THE BALL GIBO HIT ME WITH... NICE THUMBPRINT LEFT BY GIBO'S CHALKED THUMB!
YEAH, A LETTER "P" IN A CIRCLE!
COME, KID, WE'VE GOT SOME RESEARCH TO DO!
...SHUCKS THEIR OLIVE DRAB UNIFORMS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY REVERT TO THEIR ARMY ROLES, AND....
COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHERE TO FIND MATERIAL ON SECRET SOCIETIES?
THIRD DOOR TO THE RIGHT!
THIS OUGHT TO HELP!
THIS ALL PUZZLES ME, STEVE!
HO HUM!
NO WORTHWHILE LEAD UNDER "P"... I'M STUCK!
HMM, A GREEK NEWSPAPER!
WELL, IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME ANYWAY!

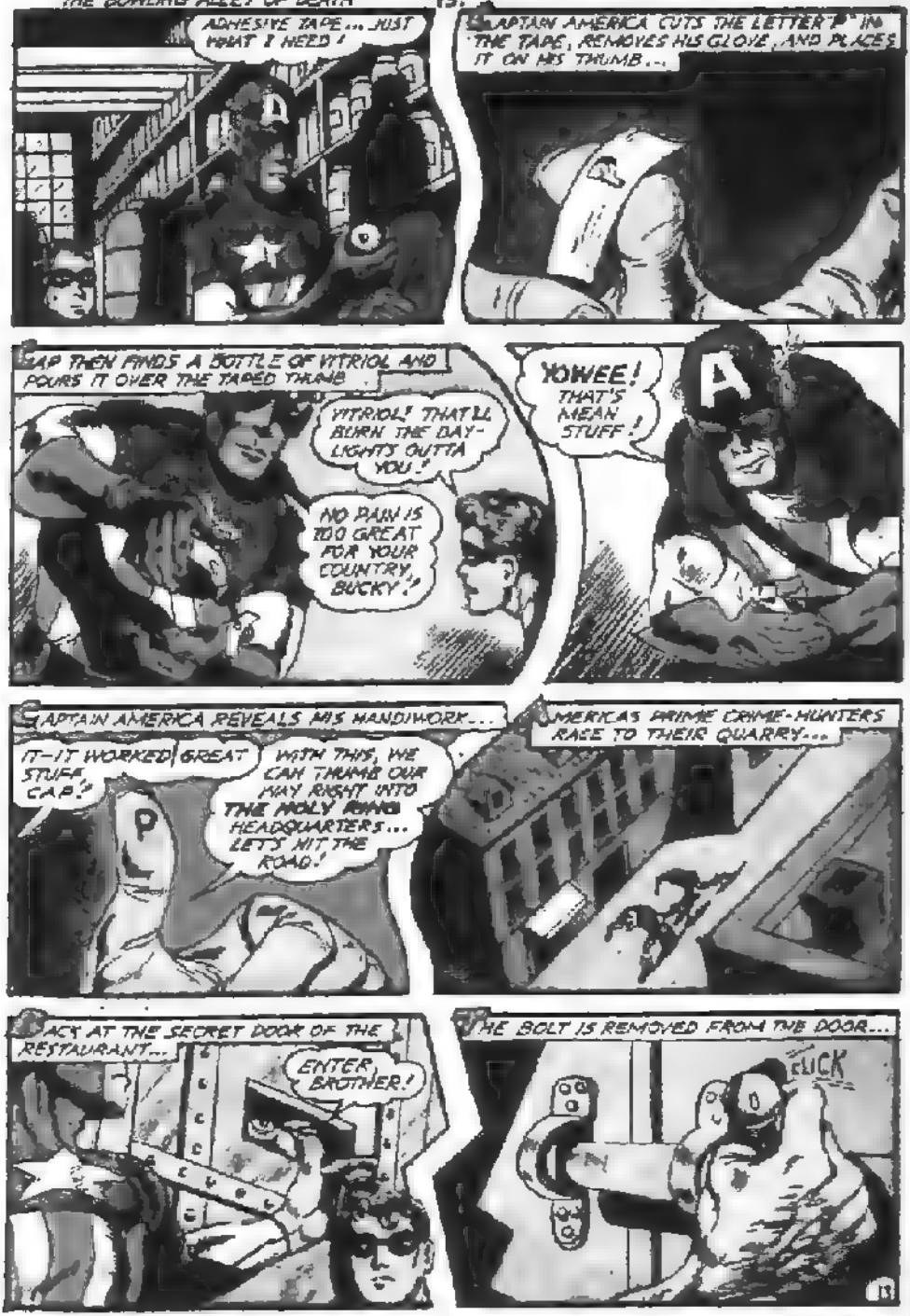

GREEK "P" THAT'S THE LETTER RHO, EQUIVALENT TO THE ENGLISH R... HMMM... R... RUSSIA... THE RUSSIANS USE AN ALPHABET SIMILAR TO THE GREEK... MAYBE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING....
EAGLE EYE FOLLOWS HIS HOT LEAD...
WOW! HERE IT IS! THE LETTER "P", OR RATHER, RHO, IN A CIRCLE... A SOCIETY CALLED THE HOLY RING!
WHEN AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIMINOLOGIST TAKES UP THE HUNT, THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM!


LISTEN, BUCKY, IT SAYS," THE HOLY RING, A SECRET ORDER OF CZARIST RUSSIAN GRAND-DUKES, PRINCES AND GENERALS ORIGINALLY FORMED TO UNDERMINE THE SOVIET UNION... NOW DEVOTED TO THE DOWNFALL OF THE DEMOCRACIES! FIFTH COLUMN GROUPS OPERATE FROM CENTERS IN ALL CITIES WITHIN THE DEMOCRACIES!
THE BUMS!


AFTER TWO DAYS OF HAUNTING THE RUSSIAN RESTAURANTS AND OTHER PLACES...
I HOPE WE HAVE SOME LUCK SOON... I'M FED UP WITH THIS KIND OF FOOD!
ME TOO, SAY!

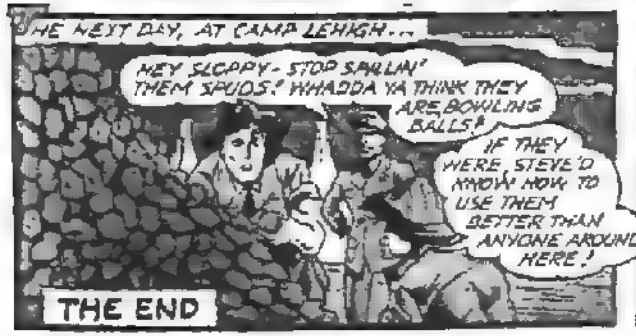
DON'T SCREAM, KID — BUT LOOK AT THE DESIGN ON YOUR SILVERWARE!
WOW! THE SIGN OF THE HOLY RING!
NO WONDER! I'VE BEEN NOTICING MEN GOING INTO THE BACK ROOM! LET'S GO!

THIS IS THE HOLY RING HEADQUARTERS ALRIGHT, COME ON, I'VE GOT TO PRINT MYSELF A MEMBERSHIP CARD!
WE WANT A DRUG STORE — WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN 'CAUSE THEY'RE PROBABLY ALL CLOSED AT THIS HOUR...


ADHESIVE TAPE... JUST WHAT I NEED!
CAPTAIN AMERICA CUTS THE LETTER "P" IN THE TAPE, REMOVES HIS GLOVE, AND PLACES IT ON HIS THUMB...
CAP THEN FINDS A BOTTLE OF VITRIOL AND POURS IT OVER THE TAPED THUMB
VITRIOL! THAT'LL BURN THE DAY-LIGHTS OUTTA YOU!
NO PAIN IS TOO GREAT FOR YOUR COUNTRY, BUCKY!
YOWEE! THAT'S MEAN STUFF!
CAPTAIN AMERICA REVEALS HIS HANDIWORK...
IT—IT WORKED GREAT STUFF, CAP!
WITH THIS, WE CAN THUMB OUR WAY RIGHT INTO THE HOLY RING HEADQUARTERS... LET'S HIT THE ROAD!
AMERICA'S PRIME CRIME-HUNTERS RACE TO THEIR QUARRY...
JACK AT THE SECRET DOOR OF THE RESTAURANT...
ENTER, BROTHER!
THE BOLT IS REMOVED FROM THE DOOR...
CLICK

AND CAP AND BUCKY RUSH IN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! DON'T LET HIM LEAVE ALIVE!
KILL THE AMERICANS!
DOWN WITH FREEDOM!
BANG
BANG
GET BACK IN YOUR STALLS, SCOUNDRELS!
HERE'S WHERE I FINISH THE KID!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
PING
UGH!

AS GIGO REACHES FOR THE FALLEN KNIFE, CAPTAIN AMERICA STRIKES...
I'VE HAD ENOUGH— ENOUGH!
THEN START TALKING — WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR DIRTY JOB HERE IN AMERICA? SPEAK UP!
I-I AM PETER G. HIGOROVITCH — HEAD OF THE AMERICAN ARM OF THE HOLY RING ... ONCE - YES, ONCE I WAS A GREAT GENERAL OF THE CZAR'S COSSACKS... I HATE DEMOCRACY!
WHEN THE PEOPLE OF RUSSIA TOOK THE NATION AWAY FROM US, THE CZAR'S NOBILITY — I SWORE TO RULE THE WORLD THRU THE HOLY RING!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TURN THE POWER-MAD GENERAL OVER TO THE POLICE...
THIS MAN IS A MURDERER! A EGOMANIAC WHO BELIEVES HIMSELF GREATER THAN ALL MEN! HE DOESN'T BELONG IN PRISON, BUT IN AN ASYLUM!
YOU'VE DONE A WONDERFUL JOB, CAPTAIN!
POLICE STATION


THE NEXT DAY, AT CAMP LEHIGH...
HEY SLOPPY - STOP SAYIN' THEM SPUDS! WHADDA YA THINK THEY ARE BOWLING BALLS?
IF THEY WERE, STEVE'D KNOW HOW TO USE THEM BETTER THAN ANYONE AROUND HERE!
THE END

CAP AND BUCKY WILL ASK FOR
TERRY TOONS
AT THEIR NEWSSTAND
WILL YOU?

Tops!

THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

EVERY MONTH

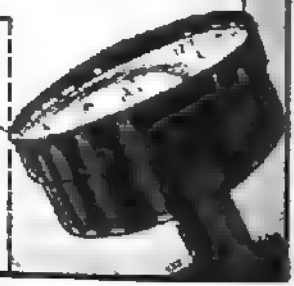
HEY, KIDS!

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY AND STATE_____



CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND THE
TOMB OF HORROR!

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM A TEN MILE TOUGHENING HIKE WITH THEIR COMPANY IN THE AFRICAN DESERT!
OUUUMY FEET FEEL LIKE HOT FRYIN' PANS!
I'M DEAD FOR SLEEP! BOY, WON'T THOSE COTS FEEL GOOD!
HOW FOR A NICE LONG SLEEP!
MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND!
A FACE APPEARS AT THE TENT OPENING... THE FACE OF SERGEANT MICHAEL DUFFY. SOME SAY HIS FATHER WAS FRANKENSTEIN... SOME SAY HIS FATHER WAS A WEREWOLF... IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EITHER...
WELL NOW... ISN'T THIS SWEET... THE TWO BOYS HAVING THEIR AFTERNOON NAP!
GIDDUUUPP! YARDBIRDS!
AW, SARGE, I'LL FALL ASLEEP!
OH, NO! NOT ON THIS DETAIL!
THIS IS PROFESSOR WEMBLEY OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HOO HA HA... THE PROFESSOR WANTS YOU TO ASSIST HIM!
YES, SIR!
PROFESSOR HAROLD WEMBLEY EXPLAINS HIS MISSION!
WE WILL PROCEED BY CAMEL TO THE PYRAMIDS WHERE I WILL SEARCH FOR A PRICELESS HIEROGLYPHIC... THERE ARE SO MANY THIEVES AND GRAVE ROBBERS THAT I WILL NEED ASSISTANCE!
T-THESE T-T-THINGS MAKE A JEEP FEEL LIKE A FEATHER MATTRESS!
NO WONDER DUFFY SAID WE WOULDN'T SLEEP!
OFF GO OUR HEROES...

THE PYRAMIDS... THE TOMBS OF THE RULERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT!
YOU BOYS STAY HERE AND GUARD THE EQUIPMENT... I MUST LOCATE THE TOMB OF TUT-KA-AAMEN!
YESSIR!
WE GOTTA KEEP AWAKE... OR--DUF... ZZZzzz...
YEAH, HEY - STEVE, WHAT'S A HIEROGLAL-PP...! Zzzzz Zzzzz...
later...
COME! COME WITH ME! I'VE DISCOVERED IT! THE MYSTERY TOMB OF THE AGES!
HANA-AA? WHO-OOO?
GEE! WE MUST HAVE RUN A MILE DOWN THIS PASSAGE!
WE ARE TWO MILES UNDER-GROUND... WE ARE THE FIRST TO TREAD THESE SECRET PASSAGES SINCE THE DAYS OF THE PHARAOHS!
FAR DOWN IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH... THEY ENTER A CHAMBER FILLED WITH A WEIRD BLUE LIGHT!
THERE! THE TOMB OF HORROR!
WHAT A SURPRISE YOU TWO ARE IN FOR! COME, WE SHALL OPEN THE TOMB!
UGH, IT'S HEAVY!
SOMETHING SLIMY IS STROKING MY HAND!

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR FLIES OPEN... THE DEMONS, THE FURIES, THE WEREWOLVES, THE VAMPIRES... THE HORRORS OF THE NETHER WORLD BURST FORTH!
FREED... FREED AT LAST!
GREAT CAESER!
CAP!
HEY, WHERE'S THE PROFESSOR?
THERE, STEVE, LOOK!
THEY STARE IN HORROR AS THE PROFESSOR, WITH TALON-LIKE CLAWS, TEARS AWAY HIS FEATURES AND....
..REVEALS THE TERRIBLE FACE OF THE BLACK TALON!
YUHA! HA! TRAPPED! YOU'RE TRAPPED! I KNEW YOU WERE CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS VAULT ALIVE...NOT WHILE I HAVE MY DEMONS WITH ME!
KILL THEM, DEMONS!
WE'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT!

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES TAKE THEIR FRIGHTENING COSTUMES FROM THEIR KNAP-SACKS AND APPEAR AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY—SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!
THERE'S A TOUGH JOB AHEAD FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
LET'S GO, CAP!
HA! HA! NOW TO WATCH MY ANCIENT CREATURES FINISH THOSE TWO!
GIVE THEM EVERYTHING IN THE BOOK, BUCKY!
RIGHT! AND ALIGHTY MORE!
BUT IN AN INSTANT THE SLIMY CREATURES SWARM ALL OVER CAP AND BUCKY...
HOLY SMOKE! THEY SPLATTER LIKE JELLY! THIS IS GRUESOME!
CAP! I NEED HELP!

COMING PAL!
FOOLS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DESTROY EVIL THAT EASILY? LOOK!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! MORE OF THEM!
I THINK I'LL PLAY A LITTLE TOO!
AAAH WE'RE HUNGRY!
WE NEED BLOOD! FRESH BLOOD!
AS LAP AND BUCKY ARE OVERWHELMED, THE CREATURES MUSH IN FOR THE KILL!
BACK, DEVILS! TAKE THEM TO THE CASKET CHAMBER!
HEE, HEE! THEY'LL DIE A LONG, SLOW DEATH!
BUT BLACK TALON STOPS THEM!

THE CASKET CHAMBER! PLACE OF A THOUSAND ANCIENT SLOW DEATHS!
HERE WE ARE!
HEH, HEH, HEH! WHAT A GREETING I'LL GIVE THEM!
CAP! THE BLACK TOAD!
WHAT?
HA! HA! THAT'S ME!
THE BLACK TOAD? I THOUGHT WE FINISHED YOU IN OUR ADVENTURE, DEATH LOADS THE BASES!
YOU NEVER GET ME AND YOU NEVER WILL!
SUDDENLY—A TORNADO BURSTS UPON THE SCENE...
SERGEANT DUFFY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
QUIET, BOYS—I'M BUSY!
UGH!

AIDED BY SERGEANT DUFFY, CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAIN SWINGS INTO ACTION!
PLAT
LET'S GIVE HIM A HAND, BUCKY!
FIGHT HARD, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE BETTY ROSS!
BETTY ROSS? YOU MEAN SHE'S DOWN HERE?
THE MUMMIES ARE SEALING HER IN THE IRON MAIDEN!
FIRST DUFFY AND NOW BETTY!
IT'S WORSE THAN A NIGHT MARE!
WHAT DID I TELL YOU... LOOK!
WHAT? YOU'RE RIGHT! C'MON!
HELP!

SERGEANT DUFFY! SAVE ME! SAVE ME!
SWEETHEART! I'LL SAVE YOU!
WHAT D'YA MEAN "SWEETHEART"! BETTY RIKS IS MY GIRL! I'LL SAVE HER!
AND I'LL HELP, TOO!
ETTY IS RELEASED AND...
MIKE, DARLING! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
HEY! NOT HIM!
HOLY CATS!
MIKE AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED!
B-B-BUT YOU'RE ENGAGED TO STEVE ROGERS!
BUT DUFFY'S A SERGEANT... AND I ALWAYS WANTED TO MARRY A SERGEANT!

SERGEANT DUFFY RUSHES OFF WITH BETTY, LEAVING CAP AND BUCKY BEHIND...
WELL, BUCKY, LOOKS LIKE I'VE LOST MY GIRL!
I'M REAL SORRY, CAP!
SUDDENLY!
CAP! LOOK-OUT!
INSTANTLY THE ROOM IS AGAIN FILLED WITH THE WEIRD CREATURES OF THE TOMB!
LET GO OF THAT KID!
HELP, CAP!
NEARBY!
LET'S FINISH THEM NOW AND FOREVER!
LET'S GO!
I'M TOUGH TOO, CAPTAIN!
P.S. JOKE!
THE BLACK TOAD POUNCES UPON BUCKY....
START SAYING YOUR PRAYERS, SONNY BOY!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU, TOAD!

THIS IS THE END, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
GET AWAY, YOU BLACK-HOODED GOOB! I'VE GOTTA HELP CAP!
ONCE AGAIN YOU ARE FEELING THE CRUSHING DEATH GRIP OF THE BLACK TALON!
WHOOSH!
AND THIS IS ONE WAY TO DO IT!
OOF!
BUCKY GIVES THE TOAD A TERRIFIC WALLOP SENDING HIM FLYING AGAINST THE BLACK TALON, THUS RELEASING HIS DEATH-LIKE GRIP UPON CAPTAIN AMERICA...
STOP! STOP!
SWAT!
THANKS, KID!
STOP! STOP!
HEY STEVE, LAY OFF!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE BLACK TALON!
YOU WHA? YOU WERE DREAMING!
A RUDE AWAKENING!

LOOK, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I FOUND IT! AN ANCIENT TABLET TELLING HOW THE EGYPTIANS MADE BREAD!
PHEW, ANTS ALL OVER ME! I THOUGHT THEY WERE DEMONS!
BOY, YOU SURE HELLED AS IF THEY WERE!
GLAD THAT WAS ONLY A DREAM... FOR A WHILE IT HAD ME FOOLED!
SO BETTY ROSS LIKES SARGE BETTER THAN ME, EH?
WELL, ON TO OUR NEXT ADVENTURE, BUCKY!
YA MEAN WITH SERGEANT DUFFY, STEVE?
THE END
I SHOULDN'T BE JEALOUS- IT WAS ONLY A DREAM! BUT WAIT'LL I SEE BETTY! I'LL SHOW HER!

BUT THIS IS NO DREAM--

TERRY TOONS

WILL BE ON SALE SOON!

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. -SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.-

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr.

THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!

"THE YANKS ARE COMING!"

PRIVATE JONES was an ordinary American boy, just as you and I. He was in his early twenties, and had been drafted into Uncle Sam's Army of fighting men. Pete Jones was eager to go and do his part in ridding the world of the fiends who were trying to enslave the peoples of the earth. So when the call to arms came, Pete went away to camp, anticipating months of vigorous training and then his chance to "get at those rats!" Pete couldn't think of a better term to refer to the enemy.

It was tough going through that period of vigorous training, but Pete Jones loved every minute of it. He was doing a job for his country, and he was going to do it right! Only one thought was uppermost in his mind, and that was to prepare himself for the eventual clash with the foe, and be certain that he would crush the enemy as no warrior had ever been crushed!

. . . Then, orders came. The well-trained and fully equipped soldiers of his camp were leaving, destination unknown. But there was a kind of tension in the air that morning, a feeling which went through every nephew of Uncle Sam. Action was what they had wanted for a long time, and now it had come at last! It really didn't matter to what part of the world they were going, just as long as the enemy would be there so they could knock the living daylights out of him!

The young men marched up the gangplank and soon filled the transport. There were no brass bands to see them off, no cheering, waving crowds. That would come on the day these men returned home in glory and triumph. But it was a sort of glory in getting on this ship and heading for the scene of conflict. At last these men were going out to show the world what stuff Americans are made of. They were going to fill many pages of history with the gallantry of the Yanks! How the world was going to cheer and thrill to their exploits in the midst of the enemy!

. . . Days went by. No one knew where they were headed. Europe, or Asia, or Africa, or where? But after all what did it matter? They were going to get into action now, and that was all they cared for. "Let us at 'em!" That's what these men were saying.

Every day Pete Jones leaned over the rail of the transport and scanned the horizon for a sign of land. But day after day, only the blue waters of the ocean met the eye. Pete was hoping they'd get there soon. How he wanted to tear into the Axis scum and rip them apart! How he longed for the moment when he would meet the enemy and teach him a lesson he would never forget. The Yanks did it before, and they *could* do it again.

. . . At last they came in sight of land. The men lined the decks, hoping to get a glimpse of the people who were to be their hosts. As the ship swung into the dock, it was soon evident where they were. This was the land down under, Australia! Yes, there was a crowd here to greet them, thousands of thrilled Australians who wanted to show how happy they were to have Americans in their midst. Their cheers seemed to swell into a tidal wave of sound, as the Yanks came down the gangplank two by two. Pete Jones was the first American to set foot on Australian soil, and he felt a thrill of emotion go through his sturdy frame as he planted both his feet on firm ground!

Later the men were settled in comfortable barracks, and were treated like royalty by their hosts. After all, the Aussies and the Yanks were Allies, and nothing was too good for the boys from across the sea.

But the same thought was still going through the minds of the Yanks. When were they going to see action? Soon enough, was the reply from those who knew. Meanwhile, the boys enjoyed themselves, exchanging stories and jokes with the Aussies who were always among them. There was a feeling of comradeship, of brotherhood between these soldiers of two nations; a camaraderie which could never exist between the men which made up the fighting forces of the Axis. These Americans and their Anzac buddies trusted each other, and they couldn't do enough to show the respect and admiration they held for each other.

. . . At last, the day came. There was a report that Jap forces had made a landing on an island hundreds of miles north of Australia, and it was necessary that these rodents be chased out of their nests. Otherwise, the enemy might use this particular island as a stepping stone into Australia itself. The island could easily be used as a naval base as well as an air base. The object was to dislodge the Japs, and then hold the island against any further encroachments. The Yanks were going to do the job, while the Australian forces were concentrated elsewhere in thrusts against enemy positions in the Pacific.

There was plenty of excitement in the camp when orders came through to get set for the drive. There was a tension in the air, but it was a feeling of excitement, of eager anticipation which every single man in uniform felt. Pete Jones smiled inwardly to himself. This was it! This was the moment he had been waiting for all those months of training back home. Now he'd show them what kind of soldiers Uncle Sam could turn out!

The sound of marching men echoed through the streets of the town as the Yanks left for the front. It was dusk when they filed

onto the ship. Under cover of darkness, the transport left the harbor and sailed out to sea, headed northward. Hours passed, many hours! It was nearly forty-eight hours since they had left their base on the mainland of Australia. Their destination couldn't be very far now.

Another day passed, and it was evening again. Then it was that each man was ordered to prepare for a landing on the occupied island. The island was a large one, and air observers had reported that the enemy occupied the northern tip of this island. So the transport anchored near the south shore of the island. All night, in comparative silence, the armed troops made their way ashore in lifeboats. They made trip after trip, and when the morning sun finally broke over the horizon, every fighting man was landed.

Then began the long trek through the jungle growth of the place, until they should reach the north shore where the enemy was disporting itself, and already building up its naval and air bases in preparation for an attack on the mainland of Australia itself. Previous military successes had made the Japs believe that they were invulnerable. They believed that every maneuver they plotted would meet with instant and complete success. What they did not know was the fact that at that very moment, trouble was brewing for them on the very island where they felt so secure! What a surprise was in store for them. How the idiotic little sneaky men were going to get a jolt!

Pete Jones was so eager to get started on the Japs, that he walked too fast and got ahead of his buddies. He had to be called back by the officer in charge, warning him to stick close with his comrades. They were all going to take on the foe together. No reason for one man to expose himself to unnecessary danger.

Then they came out of the heavy tangled growth of the jungles, and stood on the hills, looking down on the swarms of Japs at work below on the shore. There was quite a large area of cleared land, and many planes, both bombers and fighters, rested there. Tents were up on all sides, and the engineers were hard at work constructing a dock which would extend far out into the water.

The American soldiers crouched on the ground, waiting the word which would send them flying into battle. With blazing eyes, Pete Jones followed every activity of the enemy force. He could see Japs lolling near the tents, wholely unaware that they were even now being marked for targets! Other Japs were tinkering with the planes, getting them set for action in the near future. And Jap engineers were busy working on the dock.

The commander was crouched beside Pete. When he fired the first shot, the battle would begin. But, suddenly, he tapped Pete on the back. He pointed to a Jap standing beside one of the huge bombers.

"All right, Jones!" he whispered. "Let's see you knock that guy off!" Pete had been given the honor of firing the first shot! He didn't bother to ask why. He just raised his rifle to his shoulder and . . .

"BANG!" The Jap fell to the ground without a sound issuing from his throat.

Then it was that all fury broke loose! A swift staccato of rifle shots filled the air, as each Yank picked out a target and fired. Hundreds of the foe dropped, never again to hurl defiance at the forces of Freedom and Decency! They scattered to shelter, only to be felled by a repeated barrage of bullets. These Yanks didn't waste a shot! When the enemy finally got behind the protection of their lumber piles, half of their number had already been wiped out!

Each Jap was picked off when he dared to stick his head out in the open. The scum were up against a superior band of warriors, and they knew it. Their only hope lay in getting somehow to their planes and flying out of danger.

But Pete Jones was using his head too! He knew what the Japs would try to do, so he decided to head them off. He maneuvered himself into a position from which he could see anyone who tried to make the dash from the lumber pile to the planes. One by one, the foe made an effort to race across the intervening space, but they were dropped like flies. Then the Japs decided to make a concentrated rush for the planes. Some of them were bound to get through!

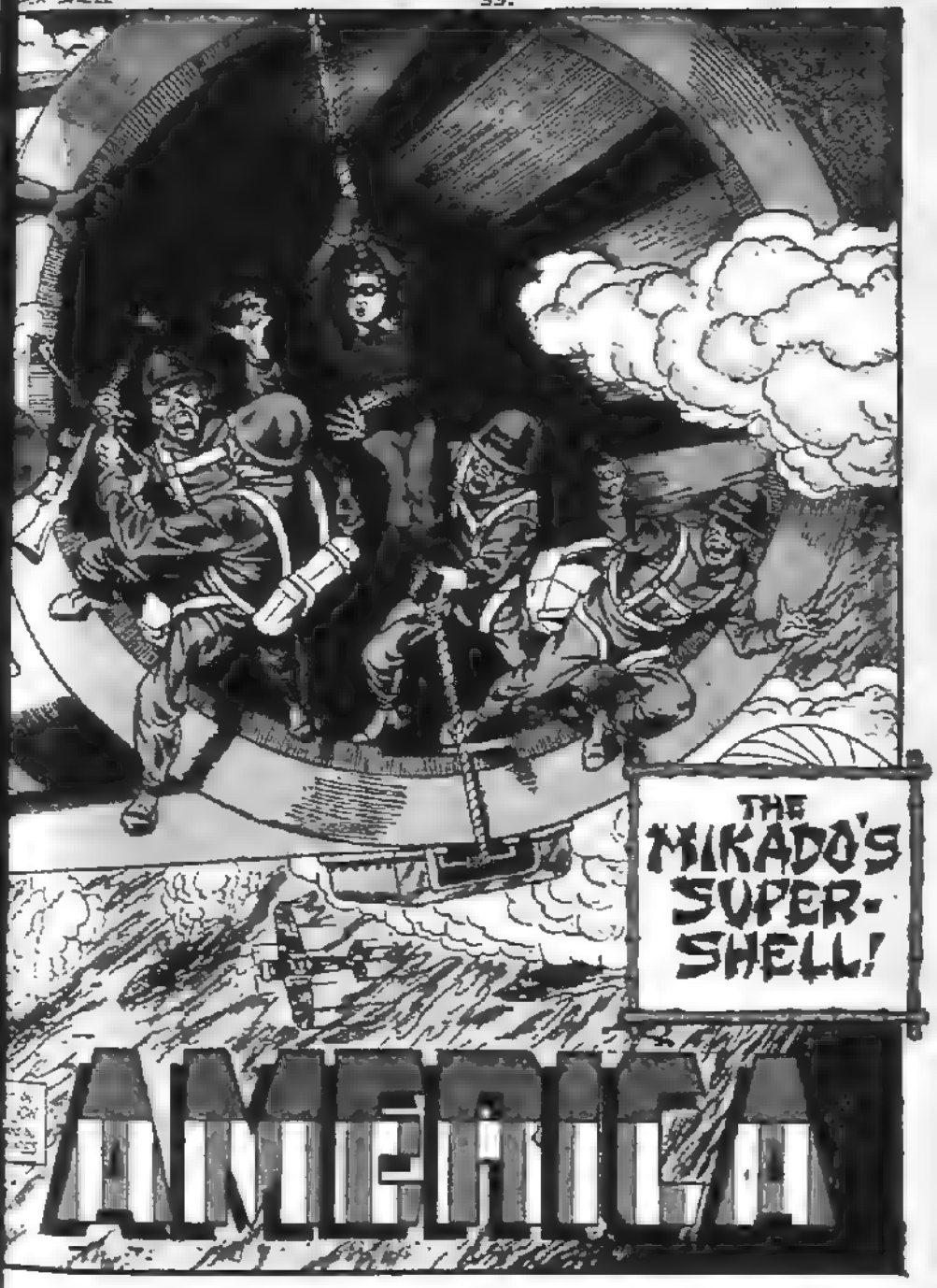
Oh yeah! Pete said to himself. That's what they think! He reached into his kit and brought out some grenades. His buddies took the cue from Pete and followed suit. With a heave, the grenades sailed through the air and dropped in the midst of the running Japs. They didn't have a chance! The Yanks were masters on that island and there was no mistaking about that!

In less than two hours, the enemy (what was left of it) came out from hiding with their hands raised in surrender! They knew when they were licked! The gallantry of the powerful American soldiers had not been over-rated . . . they were as invincible as world report had stated they were. "Wait until the Yanks get after 'em!" This phrase had put fear into the minds of the enemy, and now they knew how true those words were! "The Americans are unbeatable!" These Japs who surrendered realized that. If only they could tell their fellows of the Axis what a lost cause they were fighting! Alas, they would all soon find out for themselves, much to their sorrow!

It was a small band of despairing Japs who left the island that day as prisoners of war. All that was left behind was a mass of flaming planes and ships and those of the foe who would never lift a gun against the Allies again!

It was a cheering crowd that greeted the Americans when they returned to the mainland of Australia. These men had showered themselves with glory, and had proved the calibre of American soldiers! People knew why their hearts filled with courage and joy whenever they heard the thrilling words: "The Yanks Are Coming!"

STRATOSPHERIC
ROCKET
CANNON
JAPAN TO U.S.A.
CAPTAIN


THE
MIKADO'S
SUPER-
SHELL!
AMERICA

WITH HIS GIRL BETTY ROSS, AWAY ON A SECRET GOVERNMENT MISSION, STEVE ROGERS CONSOLES HIMSELF AT A U.S.O. DANCE!
YOU DANCE DIVINELY, MR. ROGERS!
C-A-R-R- THANKS-
GEE, I MISS BETTY!
SUDDENLY THEY HEARS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!
WHAT'S THAT!
BUCKY BARNES, STEVE'S PAL AND COMPANY MASCOT, RUSHES ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR...
STEVE! WE'VE BEEN BOMBED!
STEVE AND BUCKY RUSH OUT TO THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION!
JUMPIN' JACK RABBITS! THE WHOLE CAMP'S DOWN!
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT SHELL CRATER!
STEVE AND BUCKY GAZE IN AWE AT A GIANT SHELL FRAGMENT!
LOOK, BUCKY! NO SHELL FRAGMENT WAS EVER MADE THAT BIG!
GAD! THERE'S WRITING IN JAPANESE ON IT!
IMMEDIATELY, PURSUIT PLANES EQUIPPED FOR HIGH ALTITUDE ROAR UPWARD FOR CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY... BUT ——
I CAN'T SEE A THING!
THE SOUND DETECTORS DIDN'T REGISTER A THING! THOSE JAPS HAVE SOMETHING NEW!
AT THAT INSTANT, 2,000 MILES AWAY, ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S BIGGEST DAMS IS HIT!

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!
THE HOUR
DID JAPS SHELL AMERICA FROM JAPAN?
AMERICA IN PERIL FROM STRANGE WEAPON!
...T ARMY HEADQUARTERS..
BUT THE JAPS CAPTURED HER!
AGENT ROSS IN JAPAN WARNED US OF THIS WEAPON!
THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP US NOW— CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU! REPORT TO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!
AMERICA CALLING, BUCKY, LET'S GO!
STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES MAKE A QUICK CHANGE AND RUSH TO THE AID OF THEIR COUNTRY!
YAHOO!
UR AGENT HAS OBTAINED PLANS OF THE JAPS' TERRIBLE WEAPON, BUT THEY CAPTURED HER!
HER?
YES - HER NAME IS BETTY ROSS!
BETTY! THAT GIVES A DOUBLE REASON TO CRACK THIS MYSTERY WIDE OPEN!
BETTY!
THESE ARE YOUR ORDERS: YOU WILL PROCEED BY PLANE, DESTROYER, AND SUBMARINE TO THE JAPANESE COAST... INVADE THE COUNTRY, DESTROY THE GUN AND BRING BACK THE PLANS!
GERMAN AGENT GETS WORD, AND A WARNING WINGS OVER THE PACIFIC TO JAPAN...
CAPTAIN AMERICA TO INVADE JAPAN AND DESTROY WEAPON T-7!

BUT LET US TURN TO THE SECRET CHAMBER OF PAW, THE MAD JAPANESE GENIUS!
CAPTAIN AMERICA TO INVADE JAPAN AND RESCUE BETTY ROSS!
DID YOU HEAR, MISS ROSS? YOUR FRIEND CAPTAIN AMERICA IS COMING TO RESCUE YOU AND DESTROY MY WONDERFUL GUN, HEEHEE! WHAT A JOKE!
IF HE COMES I'LL TORTURE YOU TWO TOGETHER AS ONLY I, PAW, KNOW HOW TO TORTURE!
TORTURE ALL YOU WANT TO, YOU FIEND... YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK YOUR PLANS FROM ME!
AND WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU I'LL FEED YOU BOTH TO MY PETS!

AT THAT MOMENT A FLYING FORTRESS GLIDES DOWN INTO PEARL HARBOR!
HERE'S WHERE THE JAPS PULLED A SNEAK PUNCH, BUCKY!
LEAVING LANDED, CAP AND BUCKY RUSH FOR A DESTROYER!
YEAH! CAPTAIN AMERICA!
ANCHORS AWEIGH!
LET'S GO, SAILORS!
HEAVE OFF, CAP!
THE DESTROYER RIPS TOWARD JAPAN AT FULL SPEED!
WE'RE ABOUT DUE TO MEET THE SUB, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THERE'S THE SUB!
SO LONG, SAILORS!
A BRIEF HOUR LATER—
FIFTY MILES OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA, LOOK! I'VE SIGHTED A TWO-MAN SUBMARINE!
I'LL RAM HER!
NO, BUCKY AND I'LL GET IT!—EMERSE!
TAXI!
GO GET 'EM, CAP!

MIND IF WE BORROW YOUR ROW BOAT AWHILE?
ROUND ONE! YER OUT!
NOW OFF TO YOKOHAMA, KID!
THE MIGHTY CRIME-FIGHTERS FINISH OFF THE TWO PUNY JAPS IN RECORD TIME!
BOY, THIS WATER TAXI HANDLES LIKE A BABY, EH, CAP!
RIGHTO, BUCKY!
LATER...A JAP SUB IS CHEERED AS IT ENTERS YOKOHAMA HARBOR!
I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF THIS SHRIMP SUB!
BOY, ARE THEY IN FOR A SURPRISE!
YAHOO!
GREETINGS!
AS THE SUB HATCH IS THROWN OPEN, THE ASTONISHED JAPS SEE TWO RED, WHITE, AND BLUE TORNADOS RUSHING AT THEM!
AGH!
THE TWO BATTLING YANKS ARIVE WITH A BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
CAP, THE WHOLE ARMY'S AFTER US! WHAT'LL WE DO!

QUICK! OVER THERE... A JAP TEMPLE!
WE'D LIKE TO USE YOUR COSTUMES, BOYS!
NOTHING DAUNTED, THE TWO DARING HEROES RACE UP THE TEMPLE STEPS AND...
YEAH, WE'RE GOING TO A MASQUERADE!
JAP TANK ROARS UP TO THE TEMPLE DOOR!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! WHERE WE GO!
HE WENT THAT WAY!
BOY, WAS WE FOOLED!
WHILE THE JAP CONTINUES HIS FUTILE SEARCH, CAP AND BUCKY LEAP INTO THE NOW EMPTY TANK AND TEAR THRU THE CITY!
WOW! WILL WE RIP YOKAHAMA APART WITH THIS BABY!
CAP! L-LOOK UP THERE!
SUDDENLY...

BEFORE CAP AND BUCKY'S AWE-STRUCK EYES LOOMS UP THE HORRIBLE MENACE TO AMERICA... THE PAW'S LONG RANGE GUN... THE HUGEST MONSTER OF DE-STRUCTION EVER TO BE UNLEASHED UPON THE WORLD BY THE POWER-MAD MIKADO!
THERE'S OUR OBJECTIVE, BUCKY, LET'S GO!
A LONG-RANGE GUN, CAP! -BUT WHAT A MONSTER!
DOWN GO THE WALLS OF JERICHO!
IT TAKES MORE THAN A STONE WALL TO STOP THE FIGHTING-MAD FRIENDS!
RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT...
CAP AND BUCKY LEAP FROM THE TANK AND RACE TOWARD A WEIRD-LOOKING BUILDING—
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE!
THERE'S THE DOOR AHEAD, BUCKY!
BETTY!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! I KNEW YOU'D COME!
A-A-A-H- CAPTAIN AMERICA, EH!
YOU ARRIVED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!
BUT...
YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE MY CHAMBER!
CAP AND BUCKY ARE AT LAST FACE TO FACE WITH THE DEADLY PAW!

MY ENORMOUS HANDS CRUSH EVERY THING IN SIGHT... LIKE EGG SHELLS!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, BUB!
...BUT MY NECK ISN'T QUITE AN EGG-SHELL!
GO GET THEM!
UNABLE TO BEAT CAP FAIRLY, RAW UNLEASHES HIS TIGERS!
HELP, CAP!
GRRRR
I GET IT, CAP!
GRAB THE CHAINS, BUCKY!

MEANWHILE, BETTY ROSS, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING THE STRUGGLE FROM NEARBY, TRIES TO WARN THEM OF A NEW DANGER ... BUT —
CAP! BUCKY! LOOK OUT!
WITH A HUGE MACE THE SINISTER PAW HITS CAPTAIN AMERICA BEHIND THE HEAD!
I SPOT THE KID!
AND...
FOOLS! NO ONE OUTWITS PAW! BIND THEM!
BEFORE I DISPOSE OF YOU, ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU THE GUN THAT IS DESTROYING AMERICA!
WHEN CAP AND BUCKY FINALLY RECOVER...
WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, CAP!
YEAH, BUT AMERICA HAS BEEN IN TOUGH SPOTS BEFORE!
YOU WILL BE THE ONLY AMERICANS EVER TO SEE JAPAN'S MIGHTIEST INVENTION!
AND NOW GENTLEMEN, MY GREATEST MASTERPIECE!

THE MASTERPIECE OF PAW'S MAD GENIUS... A MONSTER GUN SHOOTING ROCKET SHELLS!
WOW! THERE SHE IS!
THE GUN SHOOTS THE ROCKETS INTO THE STRATOSPHERE... AND A TIME FUSE IGNITES THE ROCKETS AND CARRIES THEM TO AMERICA!
OH YEAH!
THAT'S ONE GUARD GONE CAP!
SNAP!
CRACK!
NOW THERE'S TWO GONE!
MADDENED BY THE PAW'S AWFUL PLAN, CAP EXERTS HIS MIGHTY SINWES TO THE UTMOST AND....
12

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, PAW! YOU'LL BE LOOSE IN A SECOND BUCKY, AND BETTY!
BUT THE JAPS OF THE GUN CHAMBER RUSH AT THEM — A SNARLING MASS OF HATE!
HERE COMES TROUBLE, CAPTAIN!
I HATE TO DO THIS, BUCKY, BUT WAR IS WAR!
RAT-TAT-TAT-RAT!!
RAT-TA TAT-TATT RATT-TATATA RAT-TAT
RAT-TAT TAT-RAT
YOU DIE, ANYWAY!
NOT JUST YET, GRISLEY-PUSS!
HERE, PAW! NOW YOU'D BETTER GO, JOHNNAW, PAW!
WHILE BUCKY IS BUSY WITH PAW, CAPTAIN AMERICA SETS A TWO MINUTE TIME FUSE ON ONE OF THE ROCKETS...

C'MON, YOU TWO! IN TWO MINUTES THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL BE A JUNK YARD!
BUT CAP! THAT'LL BLOW US ALL UP!
HERE COME MORE JAPS, WE'RE TRAPPED!
FOLLOW ME, WE'LL TAKE A STROLL UP THIS BARREL!
MOVE FAST! IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES COMES THE FIREWORKS!
CAP, THE PAW IS STILL AFTER US!
AS BETTY, CAP AND BUCKY REACH THE END OF THE GUN MUZZLE THE PAW OVERTAKES THEM!
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THIS TIME!
JUMP, BETTY AND BUCKY!
SO LONG, PAW!

HALF A MINUTE TO GO! SWIM FOR THAT SEA PLANE!
SWEET OF THEM TO HAVE A PLANE HANDY FOR US!
TWO SECONDS TO GO!
I HOPE IT DOESN'T SMASH THE PLANE!
HERE IT COMES!
THE END OF A MADMAN'S DREAM!
YES, AND THE END OF THE MADMAN HIMSELF!
IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE AMERICA WILL RETURN TO JAPAN IN A MUCH GREATER FORCE, EH, CAP!

RIGHT, BUCKY, AND FOR THE KNOCKOUT BLOW!
LATER...ABOARD THE USS WASHINGTON...
CONGRATULATIONS, CAPTAIN AMERICA! WE HEARD THE EXPLOSION WAY OUT HERE!
THANKS! THERE'LL BE NO MORE TRANS-PACIFIC BOMBINGS!
SORRY WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DIG UP THOSE PLANS YOU HID, BETTY!
YOU NEEDN'T BE SORRY, CAPTAIN! THE PLANS ARE ON ME TRACED ON MY BACK IN INVISIBLE INK!
WHAT THESE GIRLS WON'T THINK OF NEXT... EH, FOLKS?
The End-
WATCH FOR
TERRY TOONS
COMICS

PERCY

OH BOY! WHAT A SWELL TIME I'M GONNA HAVE AT THE CIRCUS!

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! SEE THE SIDESHOW BEFORE THE MAIN PERFORMANCE!
GIMME A TICKET!

G-R-R-R-R-R!
I BET HE COULD RIP A LION APART!

HEH, HEH, NO ONE AROUND I SEE, HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN WIT' DIS OVER-GROWN MONKEY!

O-O-O-W-W
SPLAT!

GRR?!!*
WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT, UGLY PUSS? HA, HA, HA!
HA HA HA
HO HO HO

JUST WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YA BRAT!
HEE-LLLL-P-P-P!
SEROWSKY
KLEIN

MARVEL COMICS

LINE UP OF THRILLS!

TIMELY COMICS

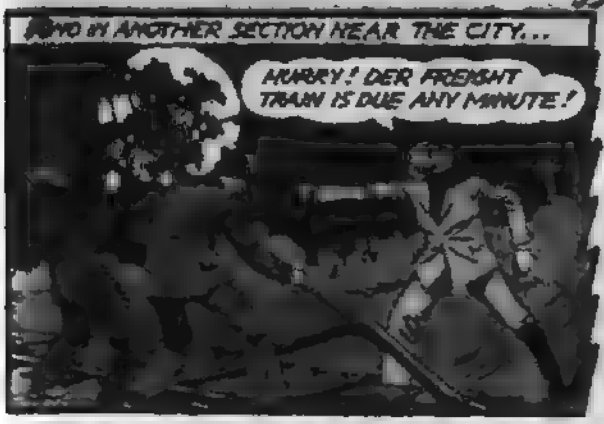
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ANGEL
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
PATRIOT
VISION

Every month

THE FIGHTING FOOL!
THE FAMED ANZACS OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE MADE A MARK FOR THEMSELVES IN THE ANNALS OF WORLD WARFARE! EVER HAVE THEY FOUGHT AGAINST TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION! THIS IS THE STORY OF WADE HUSTON, A FIGHTING ANZAC WITH A SINGLE PURPOSE, THAT IS, TO COMBAT THE NAZI EVIL WHERE-EVER HE MAY ENCOUNTER IT IN THE WORLD!
OUR STORY BEGINS AT THE GENERAL HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ANZAC ARMY...
HUSTON, MY REPORT SAYS YOU WERE SHOT IN BOTH LUNGS DURING THE LAST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY!
YES, SIR... BUT I'M QUITE ALL RIGHT NOW!
I'M SORRY, HUSTON, BUT BECAUSE OF THE SERIOUS NATURE OF YOUR INJURY, I AM FORCED TO RETIRE YOU FROM ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE ANZAC ARMY!

MY LUNGS MAY BE PLAYED OUT, BUT NOT MY HATRED OF NAZISM! I CAN'T STOP FIGHTING NOW!
THE RETIRED ANZAC WALKS TO THE WATERFRONT AND....
THAT SHIP IS GOING TO AMERICA! THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF DECENCY IN THE WORLD! THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY!
AND THE NAZI FIFTH COLUMNISTS ARE TRYING TO RAVAGE THAT COUNTRY, TOO! MY MIND IS MADE UP! I'LL GO TO AMERICA AND FIGHT THE NAZIS MY OWN WAY!
THE BOAT FOR AMERICA TAKES ON ANOTHER PASSENGER...
BEYOND THE HORIZON LIES AMERICA, WHERE I WILL CONTINUE MY BATTLE AGAINST BARBARISM AND MURDER!
SUDDENLY...
MAN OVERBOARD!
WHA...
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON!
HELP!
YOU'RE O.K. NOW... HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
(SPUTTER!) I LEANED TOO FAR OVER ZE RAIL AND FELL IN!
ALLOW ME TO IN-TRA-DUZE MYSELF! I AM NAPOLEON SACK OF ZE FREE-FRENCH ARMY!
WADE HUSTON, FORMERLY OF THE ANZACS, AT YOUR SERVICE! GLAD TO KNOW YOU, NAP!

LATER...
I ALSO AM RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE! I MAKE ZE TOUR OF ZE UNITED STATES!
THAT'S MY IDEA TOO, NAP! WHAT SAY WE TEAM UP?
SPLENDID! I AM CHARMING!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE CHARMED! ANYWAY, THAT GOES FOR ME TOO!
DAYS LATER, THE SHIP ARRIVES IN NEW YORK...
LOOK, ZE STATUE OF LIBERTY! SUCH A THRILLING SIGHT!
LIKE A BEACON OF HOPE TO THE WHOLE WORLD! WE MUST NEVER LET THAT LIGHT GO OUT!
BUT EVEN AS THE ANZAC SPEAKS, A GROUP OF NAZI AGENTS IS HATCHING A TREACHEROUS PLOT IN NEW YORK...
OUR ORDERS FROM DER FUEHRER ARE TO TERRORIZE UND DEMORALIZE NEW YORK!
WHAT METHODS VILL VE USE, HERR MONGREL!
A CITY CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT FOOD! SO VE CUT OFF DER FOOD SUPPLIES OF NEW YORK! VE MUST DESTROY TRUCKS, TRAINS, UND SHIPS! COME! VE ARE READY FOR DER FIRST JOB!
TWO TRUCKS ON A LEADING HIGHWAY INTO NEW YORK ARE BEING WATCHED BY THE NAZI AGENTS...
HERE COMES TWO TRUCKS, GET THE BOMBS READY!
THE TWO TRUCKS ARE DOOMED!
HA,HA! MORE FOOD FOR DER CITY DESTROYED!
BOOM


MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION NEAR THE CITY...
HURRY! DER FREIGHT TRAIN IS DUE ANY MINUTE!

FIFTY CARS FILLED MITT FOOD! BUT IT WILL NEVER REACH NEW YORK CITY! HA HA!

THE NAZIS HAVE DONE THEIR SABOTAGE WORK WELL!
KERRRRAAASHHHH!!!

SO FAR EVERY THING HAS WORKED OUT PERFECTLY! NOW FOR DER BIGGEST JOB! SUPPLY SHIPS COMING IN TO DER HARBOR MUST BE SUNK!
ACH! DOT IS A BIG UNDER-TAKING! HOW CAN VE DO IT, HERR MONGREL!

DIS MINE IS MY OWN INVENTION! I CAN SET IT AND DIRECT IT THRU THE WATER TO ANY BOAT! TO-NIGHT I MAKE DER FIRST TEST!

MEANWHILE, THE TWO NEW FRIENDS READ ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS WRECKS...
SMELLS OF SABOTAGE TO ME! THIS IS A JOB FOR US, NAP!
OKAY, SWELL BY ME, WADE, LET US GO!
Star Herald
TRUCKS AND FREIGHT CARS WRECKED! FOOD SUPPLIES LOST!

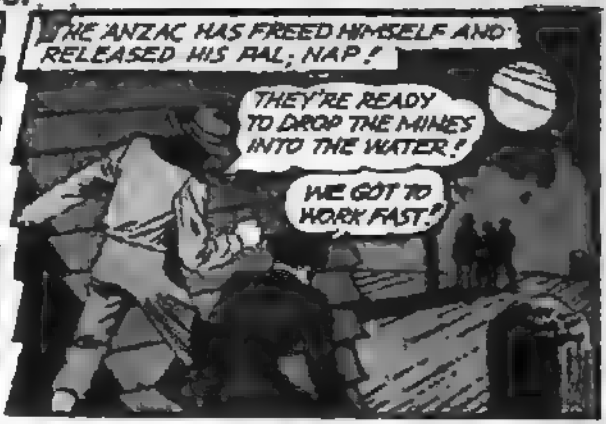
THE ANZAC AND HIS PAL TAKE A WALK ALONG THE WATERFRONT...
HMMM... SOMEHOW I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING!
OUI, MON AMI! YOU CAN SMELL TROUBLE! YOU ARE REALLY A FIGHTING FOOL!

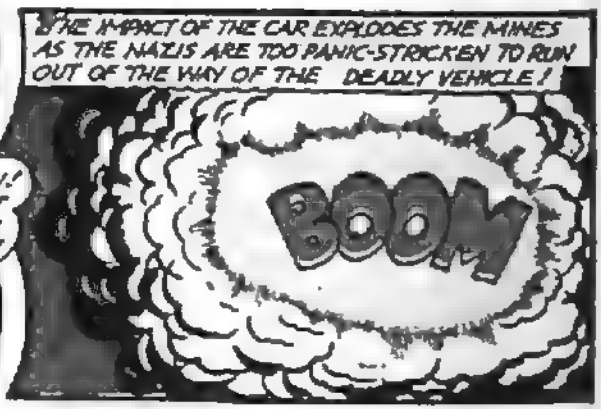
AT THAT MOMENT....
BE CAREFUL MITT DOT MINE!
YAH, HERR MONGREL!

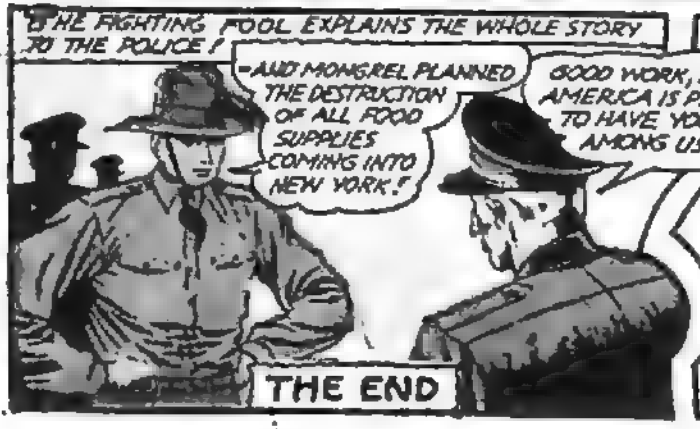
DERE ISS A BIG SHIP OUT DERE! VE TEST DIS FIRST MINE ON DOT!
DER DIAL ISS ALL SET!
SPLASH!!
HERR MONGREL'S INVENTION ZIPS THRU THE WATER AT GREAT SPEED!
THE MINE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE FOOD SHIP!
SWISHH
BOOOM
IT VORKED, HERR MONGREL! COMPLETE DESTRUCTION!
DER FUEHRER VILL GIFT ME A MEDAL FOR DISS!
BUT THE "FIGHTING POOL" AND NAP SACK HAVE WITNESSED THE PLOT...
THOSE MEN ARE BEHIND THAT EXPLOSION! COME ON!
AT LAST, ACTION!
DEY SAW US! KILL DEM!
WOW! DUCK, NAPPIE!

DROP THOSE GUNS!
JUST LIKE AMERICAN FOOTBALL!
WITH A WRATHFUL CRY, THE FIGHTING FOOL AND NAP LEAP INTO ACTION!
A SALUTE FROM THE ANZACS!
A BLOW FROM THE FREE FRENCH! VOILA!
OOOPH!
MAYBE A COLD SHOWER WILL COOL YOU OFF!
BUT THE TIDE OF BATTLE SUDDENLY TURNS!
BAH! IF YOU FOOLS CANNOT STOP HIM, DISS WILL!
THE TWO BUDDIES ARE FORCED INTO AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE NEARBY AND...
TIE DEM GOOD! AFTER WE SINK MORE SHIPS, VE DISPOSE OF DEM!
COME ALONG, YOU SWINE!
PHEW! THAT WAS SOME CRACK! AND NOW THEY GOT US TIED UP, EH?
OUI, AND THEY ARE GOING TO SINK MORE SHIPS!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO!
NOT HEEDING THE PAIN IN HIS BLEEDING HANDS, THE FIGHTING FOOL CUTS HIS BONDS WITH A PIECE OF BROKEN GLASS!
MINUTES LATER...

AND OUTSIDE, MONGREL GIVES ORDERS FOR THE BIG BLOW TO THE FOOD SUPPLY SHIPS!
BRING ALL DER MINES FROM DER CAR! I MUST SET DER DIALS!
DEN GOODBYE SHIPS, HA HA!




THE IMPACT OF THE CAR EXPLODES THE MINES AS THE NAZIS ARE TOO PANIC-STRICKEN TO RUN OUT OF THE WAY OF THE DEADLY VEHICLE!
BOOM


THE FIGHTING FOOL EXPLAINS THE WHOLE STORY TO THE POLICE!
-AND MONGREL PLANNED THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL FOOD SUPPLIES COMING INTO NEW YORK!
GOOD WORK, ANZAC! AMERICA IS PROUD TO HAVE YOU AMONG US!
THE END

The NEW
TERRY TOONS
COMICS -
AS SENSATIONAL AS
KRAZY KOMICS!

DIPPY DIPLOMAT

by Guy Blythe

THE CASE OF THE "COSTUMED CROOK" Starring RODDY COLT, THE SECRET STAMP!

DON'T FORGET THE CLASS COSTUME PARTY TO-NIGHT, EVERYBODY!
OH BOY, MISS BROOKS, WE SURE WON'T!
THE END OF THE DAY IN RODDY COLT'S CLASS.....

SELLING WAR STAMPS IS MY FIRST DUTY, AS IS EVERYBODY'S DUTY TO BUY THEM!
BUT LET US TURN NOW TO TWO SINISTER FIGURES IN A HIDDEN HIDEOUT LAYING THEIR EVIL PLANS...

I TELL YA, SPIKE, IT CAN'T MISS! WE JUST CRASH DAT KID COSTUME PARTY IN DE MONOPAS HOUSE AND NAB DE JEWELS WHILE NO ONE'S PAYIN' ATTENTION!
BUT HOW DO WE GET IN?

THE SECRET
FOR DEFENSE
BUY
WE'LL FIND A WAY! C'MON!
O.K.
THIS ONE CALL WILL WIND UP MY DAYS WORK... AND THEN FOR THE PARTY!
HERE ARE YOUR WAR STAMPS FOR TO-DAY, MR. BRUCE! THANKS FOR BUYING THEM!
DON'T THANK ME, SON! IT IS A PRIVILEGE FOR ME TO BE ABLE TO BUY THEM! I'M BUYING SHARES IN FREEDOM!
MR. BRUCE CERTAINLY HAS THE RIGHT IDEA! AND NOW FOR THE COSTUME PARTY!
HERE'S AN IDEA! I'LL GO AS MYSELF... I'LL BE THE SECRET STAMP!
WHAT A GAG! THE SECRET STAMP IMPERSONATING THE SECRET STAMP!
LOOK THERE'S A KID GOIN' TO DE PARTY DRESSED LIKE DE STAMP! DAT'S HOW WE'LL GIT IN! NAB HIM!

THE SECRET
FOR DEFENSE
BUY
WHH...!
GOTCHA!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
I'LL STOP YA!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF THE MASKED TWERP!
LOOK! HE MUST THINK HE IS THE SECRET STAMP!
SURPRISED AND OUTNUMBERED, THE SECRET STAMP IS OVERPOWERED!
O.K., I GOT HIS COSTUME... NOW IT'LL BE A CINCH TO CRASH DAT PARTY!
O.K.... GOWAN IN NOW!
LOOK! DERE'S DE ROOM WHERE DE JEWELS IS HID!
THE SECRET STAMP!
AH... OUR NEXT GUEST IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE FAMOUS SECRET STAMP, NO DOUBT!
H-HIYA!

THE SECRET
FOR DEFENSE
BUY
I WONDER WHO THAT FELLOW REALLY IS!
O.K., FRIENDS... NOW LET'S START THE FUN! EVERYBODY DANCE!
NOW TO GET AROUND TO DEM JEWELS!
AH-HERE'S DE PLACE... DAT SAFE'LL BE A CINCH TO CRACK!
EXCUSE ME A MINUTE! I'M GONNA TRY AND FIND OUT WHO THAT SECRET STAMP REALLY IS!
OH, SPUD! SOMEDAY YOUR CURIOSITY'LL GET YOU IN TROUBLE!
BACK INSIDE....
I SAW HIM GO THIS WAY!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
UH, OH!
SPUD ACCIDENTALLY FINDS THE MASKED SPIKE ABOUT TO LOOT THE SAFE!

THE SECRET
FOR DEFENSE
BUY
I'M JUST CHECKING UP TO MAKE SURE THE SAFE IS SAFE! NOW BEAT IT, BUB!
YYES-SIR!
WOW! WHAT A WALLOP!
MEANWHILE, ROGDY COLT, THE REAL SECRET STAMP RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...
I'D BETTER RUSH TO THAT PARTY! SOMETHING TELLS ME THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING!
I'LL GO IN THE BACK WAY TO SAVE TIME!
SAY! THERE'S THE GUY WHO STOLE MY COSTUME! HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!
NOW FOR THE REAL SECRET STAMP TO ACT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HERE'S DE JOOLS, PAL!
GOOD WOIK, SPIKE!

THE SECRET
FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
YOU'D BETTER COME INSIDE!
O.K.!
AND THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
POW!
UGH!
YOU DIDN'T FIGURE THAT I MIGHT HAVE DISPOSED OF YOUR PAL AND THAT I MIGHT BE THE REAL SECRET STAMP!
WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
A MOMENT LATER...
LOOK, THE SAFE'S OPEN!
...AND TWO THUGS ARE LYING ON THE FLOOR, RIGHT BESIDES IT!
...AND A WAR STAMP'S PASTED ON EACH ONE'S FOREHEAD!
THAT MEANS SOMEONE GOT TO THEM BEFORE US...
YEAH! THE SECRET STAMP!
WOW- THERE MUSTA BEEN A FIGHT!
HI FELLAS, SORRY I'M LATE... WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING... ONLY SOME GUYS TRIED TO ROB THE SAFE... SPUD THOUGHT ONE OF 'EM WAS THE SECRET STAMP AND THEN THE REAL SECRET STAMP CAUGHT 'EM, THAT'S ALL!
JUST THEN, RODDY COLT APPEARS!
AW, I DON'T BELIEVE ALL I HEAR ABOUT THAT STAMP GUY! I THINK HE'S A PHONEY!
...BUT HE DOES SELL WAR STAMPS! HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOURS TO-DAY!
THE END

DIPPY DIPLOMAT

by Guy Blythe